HYMNS

AND

Spiritual Songs,

Intended for the USE of Real

CHRISTIANS,

OF ALL DENOMINATIONS.

Ye have put off the old Man with his Deeds, and have put on the new Man, which is renewed in Knowledge, after the Image of Him that created him: Where there is neither Greek *nor* Jew, *Circumcision nor Uncircumcision,* Barbarian, Scythian, *Bond nor Free; but* CHRIST *is all, and in all.* Col. iii. 9—11.

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THE PREFACE.

THE innumerable Miſchiefs which have ariſen from Bigotry, an immoderate Attachment to particular Opinions or Modes of Worſhip, have been obſerved and lamented in all Ages, by Men of a calm and loving Spirit. O when will it be baniſhed from the Face of the Earth! When will all who ſincerely fear GOD, employ their Zeal, not upon Ceremonies and Notions, but upon Juſtice, Mercy, and the Love of GOD!

2. The Eaſe and Happineſs that attend, the unſpeakable Advantages that flow from, a truly Catholic Spirit, a Spirit of univerſal Love (which is the very Reverſe of Bigotry) one would imagine, might recommend this amiable Temper to every Perſon of cool Reflection. And who that has taſted of this Happineſs can refrain from wiſhing it to all Mankind? Who that has experienced the real Comfort, the ſolid Satisfaction, of an Heart enlarged in Love toward all Men, and in a peculiar Manner to all that love GOD, and the LORD JESUS CHRIST in Sincerity, can avoid earneſtly deſiring, that all Men may by Partakers of the ſame Comfort?

3. It is with unſpeakable Joy, that theſe obſerve the Spirit of Bigotry greatly declining, (at leaſt in every Proteſtant Nation of Europe) and the Spirit

of Love proportionably increasing. Men of every Opinion and Denomination now begin to bear with each other. They seem weary of tearing each other in Pieces, on account of small and unessential Differences; and rather desire to build up each other, in the great Point wherein they all agree, the Faith which worketh by Love, and produces in them the Mind which was in CHRIST JESUS.

4. *It is hoped the ensuing Collection of Hymns may in some Measure contribute, through the Blessing of* GOD, *to advance this glorious End, to promote this Spirit of free Love, not confin'd to any one Opinion or Party. There is not an Hymn, not one Verse, inserted here, but what relates to the Common Salvation; and what every serious and unprejudiced Christian, of whatever Denomination may join in. It is true, none but those who either already experience the Kingdom of* GOD *within them, or at least earnestly desire so to do, will either relish or understand them. But all these may find herein either such Prayers, as speak the Language of their Souls when they are in Heaviness; or such Thanksgivings as express, in a low Degree, what they feel, when rejoicing with Joy unspeakable. Come then all ye Children of the Most High, and let us magnify his Name together: And let us with one Mind and one Mouth glorify* GOD, *even the Father of our* LORD JESUS CHRIST.

HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS.

HYMN I.

ISAIAH lv. *Ver.* 1, *&c.*

1 HO! every one that thirſts, draw nigh,
('Tis GOD invites the fallen Race)
Mercy and free Salvation buy,
Buy Wine, and Milk, and Goſpel Grace.

2 Come to the living Waters, come,
Sinners, obey your Maker's Call,
Return, ye weary Wanderers, Home,
And find my Grace reach'd out to all.

3 See from the Rock a Fountain riſe!
For you in healing Streams it rolls:
Money ye need not bring, nor Price,
Ye lab'ring, burthen'd Sin-ſick Souls.

4 Nothing ye in Exchange ſhall give:
Leave all you have, and are, behind;
Frankly the Gift of GOD receive,
Pardon and Peace in JESUS find.

5 Why ſeek ye that which is not Bread,
Nor can your hungry Souls ſuſtain?
On Aſhes, Huſks, and Air, ye feed,
Ye ſpend your little All in vain.

6 In Search of empty Joys below,
Ye toil with unavailing Strife:
Whither, ah! whither would ye go?
I have the Words of endleſs Life.

7 Hearken to Me with earneſt Care,
And freely eat ſubſtantial Food,
The Sweetneſs of my Mercy ſhare,
And taſte that I alone am Good.

8 I bid you all my Goodneſs prove,
My Promiſes for Sinners free:
Come, taſte the Manna of my Love,
And let your Soul delight in Me.

9 Your willing Ear and Heart incline,
My Words believingly receive,
Quicken'd your Soul, by Faith divine,
An everlaſting Life ſhall live.

HYMN II.

A PRAYER *for One convinced of Sin.*

1 FATHER of Lights, from whom proceeds
Whate'er thy ev'ry Creature needs,
Whoſe Goodneſs providently nigh,
Feeds the young Ravens when they cry;
To Thee I look; my Heart prepare,
Suggeſt, and hearken to my Prayer.

2 Since by thy Light myſelf I ſee
Naked, and poor, and void of Thee,
Thine Eyes muſt all my Thoughts ſurvey,
Preventing what my Lips would ſay;
Thou ſeeſt my Wants; for Help they call,
And e're I ſpeak, Thou know'ſt them all.

3 Thou know'ſt the Baſeneſs of my Mind,
Wayward, and impotent, and blind;

Thou know'ſt how unſubdu'd my Will,
Averſe to Good, and prone to Ill:
Thou know'ſt how wide my Paſſions rove,
Nor check'd by Fear, nor charm'd by Love.

4 Fain would I know, as known by Thee,
And feel the Indigence I ſee:
Fain would I all my Vileneſs own,
And deep beneath the Burthen groan;
Abhor the Pride that lurks within,
Deteſt and loath myſelf and Sin.

5 Ah! give me, LORD, myſelf to feel,
My total Miſery reveal;
Ah! give me, LORD, (I ſtill would ſay)
An Heart to mourn, an Heart to pray;
My Buſineſs this, my total Care,
My Life, my ev'ry Breath be Prayer.

6 Scarce I begin my ſad complaint,
When all my warmeſt Wiſhes faint:
Hardly I lift my weeping Eye,
When all my kindling Ardours die;
Nor Hopes nor Fears my Boſom move,
For ſtill I cannot, cannot love.

7 Father, I want a thankful Heart,
I want to taſte how good Thou art,
To plunge me in thy Mercy's Sea,
And comprehend thy Love to me;
The Length, and Breadth, and Depth, and Height,
Of Love divinely infinite.

8 Father, I long my Soul to raiſe,
And dwell for ever on thy Praiſe,
Thy Praiſe with glorious Joy to tell,
In Extaſy unſpeakable;
While the full Power of Faith I know,
And reign triumphant here below.

HYMN III.

Divine Love.

1 THOU hidden Love of GOD, whoſe Height,
Whoſe Depth unfathom'd no Man knows;
I ſee from far thy beauteous Light,
Inly I ſigh for thy Repoſe:
My Heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At Reſt, 'till it finds Reſt in Thee.

2 Thy ſecret Voice invites me ſtill
The Sweetneſs of thy Yoke to prove;
And fain I would: But tho' my Will
Seem fix'd, yet wide my Paſſions rove;
Yet Hindrances ſtrew all the Way:
I aim at Thee, yet from Thee ſtray.

3 'Tis Mercy all, that Thou haſt brought
My Mind to ſeek her Peace in Thee:
Yet while I ſeek, but find Thee not,
No Peace my wand'ring Soul ſhall ſee:
O when ſhall all my Wand'rings end,
And all my Steps to Thee-ward tend!

4 Is there a Thing beneath the Sun,
That ſtrives with Thee my Heart to ſhare?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The LORD of ev'ry Motion there:
Then ſhall my Heart from Earth be free,
When it hath found Repoſe in Thee.

5 O hide this Self from me, that I
No more, but CHRIST in me may live!
My vile Affections crucify,
Nor let one darling Luſt ſurvive:
In all Things Nothing may I ſee,
Nothing deſire or ſeek but Thee.

6 O Love, thy ſov'reign Aid impart,
To ſave me from low-thoughted Care:
Chaſe this Self-will thro' all my Heart,
Thro' all its latent Mazes there:
Make me thy duteous Child, that I
Ceaſeleſs may Abba, Father, cry!

7 Ah no! ne'er will I backward turn:
Thine wholly, thine alone I am!
Thrice happy he who views with Scorn
Earth's Toys, for Thee his conſtant Flame:
O help that I may never move
From the bleſt Footſteps of thy Love!

8 Each Moment draw from Earth away
My Heart, that lowly waits thy Call:
Speak to my inmoſt Soul, and ſay,
I am thy Love, thy GOD, thy All!
To feel thy Power, to hear thy Voice,
To taſte thy Love, be all my Choice.

HYMN IV.

The Means of Grace.

1 SUFFICE for me, that Thou, my LORD,
Haſt bid me faſt and pray:
Thy Will be done, thy Name ador'd,
'Tis only mine t'obey.

2 Thou bidſt me ſearch the ſacred Leaves,
And taſte the hallow'd Bread:
The kind Command may Soul receives,
And longs on Thee to feed.

3 Still for thy Loving-kindneſs, LORD,
I in thy Temple wait:
I long to find Thee in thy Word,
Or at thy Table meet.

4 Here in thy own *appointed Ways*
I wait to learn thy Will;

Silent I ſtand before thy Face,
And hear Thee ſay, *Be ſtill!*

5 Be ſtill, and know that I am GOD!
'Tis all I live to know,
To feel the Virtue of thy Blood,
And ſpread its Praiſe below.

6 I wait my Vigour to renew,
Thine Image to retrieve,
The Veil of outward Things paſs thro'
And gaſp in Thee to live.

7 I work, and own the Labour vain:
And thus from Works I ceaſe:
I ſtrive, and ſee my fruitleſs Pain:
'Till GOD create my Peace.

8 Fruitleſs, 'till Thou thyſelf impart,
Muſt all my Efforts prove;
They cannot change a ſinful Heart,
They cannot purchaſe Love.

9 I do the Things thy Laws enjoin,
And *then* the Strife give o'er,
To Thee I *then* the whole reſign,
I truſt in Means no more.

10 I truſt in Him, who ſtands between
The Father's Wrath and me;
JESU, Thou great eternal Mean,
I look for all from Thee.

HYMN V.

A Paſſion Hymn.

1 YE that paſs by, behold the Man!
The Man of Griefs condemn'd for you!
The Lamb of GOD for Sinners ſlain,
Weeping to *Calvary* purſue.

2 See how his Back the Scourges tear,
While to the bloody Pillar bound!
The Ploughers make long Furrows there,
'Till all his Body is one Wound.

3 Nor can he thus their Hate aſſwage:
His Innocence to Death purſu'd,
Muſt fully glut their utmoſt Rage;
Hark, how they clamour for his Blood!

4 Againſt his GOD the Creature calls:
Accus'd and ſentenc'd by the Breath
Himſelf inſpir'd, their Maker falls:
The LORD of Life is doom'd to Death.

5 His ſacred Limbs they ſtretch, they tear,
With Nails they faſten to the Wood
His ſacred Limbs—expos'd and bare,
Or only cover'd with his Blood!

6 See there! his Temples crown'd with Thorn!
His bleeding Hands extended wide!
His ſtreaming Feet, transfix'd and torn!
The Fountain guſhing from his Side!

7 Where is the King of Glory now?
The everlaſting Son of GOD?
Th' Immortal hangs his languid Brow,
Th'Almighty faints beneath his Load:

8 Beneath *my* Load He faints and dies!
I fill'd his Soul with Pangs unknown,
I caus'd thoſe mortal Groans and Cries,
I kill'd the Father's only Son.

Part the Second.

9 O Thou dear ſuffering Son of GOD,
How doth thy Heart to Sinners move!
Help me to catch thy precious Blood,
Help me to taſte thy dying Love.

10 Give me to feel thy Agonies,
One Drop of thy ſad Cup afford:
I fain with Thee would ſympathize,
And ſhare the Suff'rings of my LORD.

11 The Earth could to her Center quake,
Convuls'd, while her Creator dy'd;
O let mine inmoſt Nature Shake,
And die with JESUS crucify'd.

12 At thy laſt Gaſp the Graves diſplay'd
Their Horrors to the Upper Skies;
O that my Soul might burſt the Shade,
And quicken'd by thy Death ariſe.

13 The Rocks could feel thy powerful Death,
And tremble, and aſunder part;
O rend with thine expiring Breath
The harder Marble of my Heart.

14 My ſtony Heart thy Voice ſhall rent,
Thou wilt, I truſt, the Vale remove,
My inmoſt Bowels ſhall reſent
The Yearnings of thy dying Love.

15 The Grace I ſurely ſhall receive,
Thy Death hath bought the Grace for me:
This is my whole Deſire, to live,
To live, and then to die, in Thee.

HYMN VI.

Looking unto JESUS.

1 REGARDLESS now of Things below,
JESUS, to Thee my Heart aſpires,
Determin'd Thee alone to know,
Author and End of my Deſires;
Fill me with Righteouſneſs divine;
To end, as to begin, is Thine.

2 What is a worthleſs Worm to Thee?
What is in Man thy Grace to move?
That ſtill Thou ſeekeſt thoſe who flee
The Arms of thy purſuing Love.
That ſtill thine inmoſt Bowels cry,
Why, Sinner, wilt thou periſh, why?

3 Ah! ſhew me LORD, my Depth of Sin,
Ah! LORD, thy Depth of Mercy ſhew!
End, JESUS, end this War within:
No Reſt my Spirit e'er ſhall know,
'Till Thou thy quick'ning Influence give
Breathe, LORD; and theſe dry Bones ſhall live.

4 There, there, before the Throne Thou art,
The Lamb e're Earth's Foundations ſlain!
Take Thou, O take this guilty Heart;
Thy Blood will waſh out every Stain:
No Croſs no Suffering, I decline,
Only let all my Heart be Thine.

HYMN VII.

The Same.

1 JESUS, in whom the Weary find
Their late, but permanent Repoſe,
Phyſician of the Sin-ſick Mind,
Relieve my Wants, aſſuage my Woes
And let my Soul on Thee be caſt,
'Till Life's fierce Tyranny is paſt.

2 Loos'd from my GOD, and far remov'd,
Long have I wander'd to and fro,
O'er Earth in endleſs Circles rov'd,
Nor found whereon to reſt below;
Back to my GOD at laſt I fly,
For O the Waters ſtill are high.

3 Selfish Purſuits and Nature's Maze,
The Things of Earth for Thee I leave,
Put forth thine Hand, thine Hand of Grace,
Into the Ark of Love receive;
Take this poor flutt'ring Soul to Reſt,
And lodge it, Saviour, in thy Breaſt.

4 Fill with inviolable Peace,
'Stabliſh and keep my ſettled Heart;
In Thee may all my Wand'rings ceaſe,
From Thee no more may I depart,
Thine utmoſt Goodneſs call'd to prove,
Lov'd with an everlaſting Love.

HYMN VIII.

Wretched, and Miſerable, and Poor, and Blind, and Naked.

1 WRETCHED, helpleſs, and diſtreſt,
Ah! whither ſhall I fly?
Ever gaſping after Reſt,
I cannot find it nigh:
Naked, ſick, and poor, and blind,
Faſt bound in Sin and Miſery,
Friend of Sinners let me find
My Help, my All in Thee.

2 Who my Miſery can relate,
My Depth of Woe reveal?
I have left my firſt Eſtate,
In hapleſs *Adam* fell:
Driven out of mine Abode,
I now have loſt my perfect Bliſs,
Fallen, fallen out of GOD,
And baniſh'd Paradiſe.

3 I am all unclean, unclean,
Thy Purity I want,
My whole Heart is ſick of Sin,
And my whole Head is faint:

Full of putrifying Sores,
Of Bruiſes, and of Wounds, my Soul
Looks to JESUS, Help implores,
And gaſps to be made whole.

4 In the Wilderneſs I ſtray,
My fooliſh Heart is blind,
Nothing do I know; the Way
Of Peace I cannot find:
JESU, LORD, reſtore my Sight,
And take, O take the Veil away,
Turn my Darkneſs into Light,
My Midnight into Day.

Part the Second.

5 NAKED of thine Image, LORD,
Forſaken and alone,
Unrenew'd and unreſtor'd,
I have not Thee put on:
Over me thy Mantle ſpread,
Send down thy Likeneſs from above,
Let thy Goodneſs be diſplay'd,
And wrap me in thy Love.

6 Poor, alas! Thou know'ſt I am,
And would be poorer ſtill,
See my Nakedneſs and Shame,
And all my Vileneſs feel:
No good Thing in me reſides,
My Soul is all an aching Void,
'Till thy Spirit here abides,
And I am fill'd with GOD.

7 JESU, full of Truth and Grace,
In Thee is all I want;
Be the Wanderer's Reſting-place,
A Cordial to the Faint;
Make me rich, for I am poor,
In Thee may I mine *Eden* find;
To the Dying, Health reſtore,
And Eye-ſight to the Blind.

3 Clothe me with thy Holineſs,
Thy meek Humility;
Put me on thy glorious Dreſs,
Endue my Soul with Thee;
Let thine Image be reſtor'd,
Thy Name and Nature let me prove,
With thy Fulneſs fill me, LORD,
And perfect me in Love.

HYMN IX.

A PRAYER *to* CHRIST.

1 LAMB of GOD, for Sinners ſlain,
To Thee I feebly pray,
Heal me of my Grief and Pain,
O take my Sins away;
From this Bondage, LORD, releaſe,
No longer let me be oppreſt:
JESUS, Maſter, ſeal my Peace,
And take me to thy Breaſt.

2 Haſt Thou not invited all
Who groan beneath their Sin?
Weary, I obey thy Call,
And come to be made clean:
Give my burthen'd Conſcience Eaſe,
O grant me now the promis'd Reſt;
JESUS, Maſter, ſeal my Peace,
And take me to thy Breaſt.

3 Wilt Thou caſt a Sinner out,
Who humbly comes to Thee?
No, my GOD, I cannot doubt,
Thy Mercy is for me;
Let me then obtain the Grace,
And be of Paradiſe poſſeſt:
JESUS, Maſter, ſeal my Peace,
And take me to thy Breaſt.

4 Worldly Good I do not want,
Be that to others given:
Only for thy Love I pant,
My All in Earth and Heaven;
This the Crown I fain would ſeize,
The Good wherewith I would be bleſt;
JESUS, Maſter, ſeal my Peace,
And take me to thy Breaſt.

5 This Delight I fain would prove,
And then reſign my Breath,
Join the happy Few, whoſe Love
Was mightier than Death:
Let it not my LORD diſpleaſe,
That I would die to be thy Gueſt:
JESUS, Maſter, ſeal my Peace,
And take me to thy Breaſt.

HYMN X.

Fear not; only Believe.

1 PRIS'NERS of Hope, lift up your Heads,
The Day of Liberty draws near,
JESUS, who on the Serpent treads,
Shall ſoon in your Behalf appear;
The LORD ſhall to his Temple come,
Prepare your Hearts to make Him Room.

2 LORD, we confeſs our Sins to Thee,
In Sin we were conceiv'd and born;
Plung'd in the Depth of Miſery,
We never can to Thee return,
'Till Thou our fallen Souls convert,
And give the new believing Heart.

3 Now if Thou canſt withold thy Grace
From Sinners hungry, mournful, poor,
Who aſk thy Love, who ſeek thy Face,
Who ever knock at Mercy's Door:

At JESU's Feet who humbly lie,
Reſolv'd at JESU's Feet to die.

4 Yes, LORD, we muſt believe Thee kind,
Thou never canſt unfaithful prove;
Surely we ſhall thy Mercy find,
Who aſk, ſhall all receive thy Love;
Nor canſt Thou it to me deny;
I aſk the Chief of Sinners I.

5 O ye of fearful Hearts, be ſtrong,
Your down-caſt Hands and Eyes lift up,
Ye ſhall not be forgotten long,
Hope to the End, in JESUS hope;
Tell Him, ye wait his Grace to prove,
And cannot fail, if GOD is Love.

6 Priſ'ners of Hope, be ſtrong, be bold,
Caſt off your Doubts, diſdain to fear,
Dare to believe, on CHRIST lay hold,
Wreſtle with CHRIST in mighty Pray'r;
Tell Him, we will not let Thee go,
'Till we thy Name, thy Nature know.

HYMN XI.

MAT. v. 3, &c. *Bleſſed are the Poor in Spirit.*

1 JESU, if ſtill the ſame Thou art
If all thy Promiſes are ſure,
Set up thy Kingdom in my Heart,
And make me rich, for I am poor:
To me be all thy Treaſures given,
The Kingdom of an inward Heaven.

2 Thou haſt pronounc'd the Mourner bleſt;
And lo! for Thee I ever mourn:
I cannot; no, I will not reſt,
'Till Thou, mine only Reſt, return;
'Till Thou, the Prince of Peace appear,
And I receive the Comforter.

3 Where is the Bleſſedneſs beſtow'd
On all that hunger after Thee?
I hunger now, I thirſt for GOD!
See the poor fainting Sinner, ſee!
And ſatisfy with endleſs Peace,
And fill me with thy Righteouſneſs,

4 Shine on thy Work diſperſe the Gloom,
Light in thy Light I then ſhall ſee:
Say to my Soul, "Thy Light is come,
"Glory divine is ris'n on Thee:
"Thy Warfare's paſt, thy Mourning's o'er,
"Look up, for Thou ſhalt weep no more."

5 LORD, I believe the Promiſe ſure,
And truſt Thou wilt not long delay,
Hungry, and ſorrowful, and poor,
Upon thy Word myſelf I ſtay;
Into thine Hands mine All reſign,
And wait 'till all Thou art is mine.

HYMN XII.

In Temptation.

1 JESU, Lover of my Soul,
Let me to thy Boſom fly,
While the nearer Waters roll,
While the Tempeſt ſtill is high
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
'Till the Storm of Life is paſt;
Safe into the Haven gide,
O receive my Soul at laſt.

2 Other Refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpleſs Soul on Thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still ſupport and comfort me:
All my Truſt on Thee is ſtay'd,
All my Help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceleſs Head
With the Shadow of thy Wing,

3 Thou, O CHRIST, art all I want,
More than All in Thee I find
Raiſe the Fallen, chear the Faint,
Heal the Sick, and lead the Blind.
Juſt and holy is thy Name,
I am all Unrighteouſneſs;
Falſe, and full of Sin I am,
Thou art full of Truth and Grace.

4 Plenteous Grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my Sin:
Let the healing Streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of Life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my Heart,
Riſe to all Eternity.

HYMN XIII.

He ſhall ſave his People from their Sins.

1 JESUS, in whom the Godhead's Rays
Beam forth with milder Majeſty;
I ſee Thee full of Truth and Grace,
And come for all I want to Thee.

2 Wrathful, impure, and proud I am,
Nor Conſtancy nor Strength I have;
But Thou, O LORD, art ſtill the ſame,
And haſt not loſt thy Power to ſave.

3 Save me from Pride, the Plague expel,
JESU, thine humble Self impart;
O let thy Mind within me dwell!
O give me Lowlineſs of Heart!

4 Enter Thyſelf, and caſt out Sin,
Thy ſpotleſs Purity beſtow;
Touch me, and make the Leper clean,
Waſh me, and I am white as Snow.

3 Fury is not in Thee, my GOD;
O why ſhould it be found in Thine?
Sprinkle me, Saviour, with thy Blood,
And all thy Gentleneſs is mine.

6 Pour but thy Blood upon the Flame,
Meek, and diſpaſſionate, and mild,
The Leopard ſinks into a Lamb,
And I become a little Child.

HYMN XIV.

A PRAYER *to* CHRIST.

1 I Thirſt, Thou wounded Lamb of GOD,
To waſh me in thy cleanſing Blood,
To dwell within thy Wounds; then Pain
Is ſweet, and Life or Death is Gain.

2 Take this poor Heart, and let it be
For ever clos'd to all but Thee!
Seal Thou my Breaſt, and let me wear
That Pledge of Love for ever there.

3 How bleſt are they, who ſtill abide,
Cloſe ſhelter'd in thy bleeding Side!
Who Life and Strength from thence derive,
And by Thee move, and in Thee live.

4 What are our Works, but Sin and Death,
'Till Thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'ſt the Power thy Grace to move;
O wond'rous Grace! O boundleſs Love!

5 How can it be, Thou heavenly King,
That Thou ſhould'ſt us to Glory bring;
Make Slaves the Partners of thy Throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading Crown?

6 Hence our Hearts melt, our Eyes o'erflow,
Our Words are loſt; nor will we know,

Nor will we think of ought beſide
My LORD, my Love is crucify'd!

7 Ah! LORD, enlarge our ſcanty Thought,
To know the Wonders Thou haſt wrought!
Unlooſe our ſtammering Tongue, to tell
Thy Love immenſe, unſearchable.

8 Firſt-born of many Brethren, Thou!
To Thee, lo! all our Souls we bow,
To Thee our Hearts and Hands we give
Thine may we die, Thine may we live!

HYMN XV.

Theſe Things were written for our Inſtruction.

1 JESU, if ſtill Thou art To-day
As Yeſterday the ſame,
Preſent to heal, in me diſplay
The Virtue of thy Name.

2 If ſtill Thou go'ſt about to do
Thy needy Creatures good,
On me that I thy Praiſe may ſhew,
Be all thy Wonders ſhew'd.

3 Now, LORD to whom for Help I call,
Thy Miracles repeat;
With pitying Eye behold me fall
A Leper at thy Feet.

4 Loathſome, and foul, and ſelf-abhor'd,
I ſink beneath my Sin;
But if Thou wilt, a gracious Word
Of Thine can make me clean.

5 Thou ſeeſt me deaf to thy Commands,
Open, O LORD, mine Ear;
Bid me ſtretch out my wither'd Hands,
And lift them up in Prayer.

6 Silent, (alas! Thou know'ſt how long!)
My Voice I cannot raiſe;
But O! when Thou ſhalt looſe my Tongue,
The Dumb ſhall ſing thy Praiſe.

7 Lame at the Pool I ſtill am found:
Give, and my Strength employ;
Light as a Hart I then ſhall bound,
The Lame ſhall leap for Joy.

8 Blind from my Birth to Guilt and Thee,
And dark I am within:
The Love of God I cannot ſee,
The Sinfulneſs of Sin.

9 But Thou, they ſay, art paſſing by;
O let me find Thee near!
Jesus, in Mercy hear my Cry,
Thou Son of *David*, hear!

10 Long have I waited in the Way,
For Thee the heav'nly Light;
Command me to be brought, and ſay,
Sinner receive thy Sight!

Part the Second.

11 WHILE dead in Treſpaſſes I lie,
Thy quick'ning Spirit give;
Call me, Thou Son of God, that I
May hear thy Voice, and live.

12 While full of Anguiſh and Diſeaſe,
My weak diſtemper'd Soul,
Thy Love compaſſionately ſees,
O let it make me whole.

13 While torn by helliſh Pride I cry,
By Legion Luſt poſſeſt,
Son of the living God, draw nigh,
And ſpeak me into Reſt.

14 Caſt out thy Foes, and let the ſtill
To JESU's Name ſubmit;
Clothe with thy Righteouſneſs, and heal,
And Place me at thy Feet.

15 To JESU's Name if all Things now
A trembling Homage pay,
O let my ſtubborn Spirit bow,
My ſtiff-neck Will obey.

16 Impotent dumb, and deaf, and blind,
And ſick, and poor I am;
But ſure a Remedy to find
For all in JESU's Name.

17 I know in Thee all Fulneſs dwells,
And all for wretched Man;
Fill every Want my Spirit feels,
And break off every Chain.

18 If Thou impart Thyſelf to me,
No other Good I need;
If Thou the Son ſhalt make me free,
I ſhall be free indeed.

19 I cannot reſt, 'till in thy Blood
I full Redemption have;
But Thou, thro' whom I come to GOD,
Canſt to the utmoſt ſave.

20 From Sin, the Guilt, the Power, the Pain,
Thou wilt redeem my Soul;
LORD, I believe; and not in vain;
My Faith ſhall make me whole.

21 I too with Thee ſhall walk in white,
With all thy Saints ſhall prove,
What is the Length, and Breadth, and Height,
And Depth of JESU's Love.

HYMN XVI.

A Sinner's Prayer.

1 GOD of my Salvation, hear,
And help me to believe;
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy Bleſſing to receive:
Full of Guilt, alas! I am,
But to thy Wounds for Refuge flee:
Friend of Sinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy Blood was ſhed for me.

2 Standing now as newly ſlain,
To Thee I lift mine Eye,
Balm of all my Grief and Pain,
Thy Blood is always nigh:
Now as Yeſterday the ſame
Thou art, and wilt for ever be:
Friend of Sinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy Blood was ſhed for me.

3 Nothing have I, LORD, to pay,
Nor can thy Grace procure,
Empty ſend me not away,
For I, Thou know'ſt am poor:
Duſt and Aſhes is my Name,
My all is Sin and Miſery:
Friend of Sinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy Blood was ſhed for me.

4 No good Word, or Work, or Thought,
Bring I to buy thy Grace:
Pardon I accept unbought,
Thy Proffer I embrace:
Coming as at firſt I came,
To take and not beſtow on Thee:
Friend of Sinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy Blood was ſhed for me.

5 Saviour, from thy wounded Side
I never will depart,
Here will I my Spirit hide,
When I am pure in Heart,
'Till my Place above I claim,
This only ſhall be all my Plea,
Friend of Sinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy Blood was ſhed for me.

HYMN XVII.

Another.

1 WHEN, gracious LORD, when ſhall it be,
That I ſhall find my All in Thee,
The Fulneſs of thy Promiſe prove,
The Seal of thine eternal Love?

2 A poor blind Child I wander here,
If haply I may feel Thee near:
O dark, dark, dark, (I ſtill muſt ſay)
Amidſt the Blaze of Goſpel-day!

3 Thee, only Thee I fain would find,
And caſt the Word and Fleſh behind:
Thou, only Thou to me be given,
Of all Thou haſt in Earth or Heaven.

4 When from the Arm of Fleſh ſet free,
JESU, my Soul ſhall fly to Thee:
JESU, when I have loſt my All,
My Soul ſhall on thy Boſom fall.

5 Whom Man forſakes Thou wilt not leave,
Ready the Outcaſt to receive,
Tho' all my Simpleneſs I own,
And all my Faults to Thee are known.

6 Ah! wherefore did I ever doubt?
Thou wilt in no-wiſe caſt me out,

An helpleſs Soul that comes to Thee
With only Sin and Miſery.

7 LORD, I am ſick; my Sickneſs cure:
I want; do Thou enrich the Poor:
Under thy mighty Hand I ſtoop,
O Lift the abject Sinner up.

8 LORD, I am blind; be Thou my Sight:
LORD, I am weak; be Thou my Might:
An Helper of the Helpleſs be,
And let me find my All in Thee.

HYMN XVIII.

Another.

1 O My LORD, what muſt I do?
Only Thou the Way canſt ſhew,
Thou canſt ſave me in this Hour,
I have neither Will nor Power;
GOD if over All Thou art,
Greater than the ſinful Heart,
Let it now on me be ſhewn,
Take away the Heart of Stone.

2 Take away my darling Sin,
Make me willing to be clean,
Make me willing to receive
What thy Goodneſs waits to give.
Force me, LORD, with all to part,
Tear theſe Idols from my Heart,
All thy Power on me be ſhewn,
Take away the Heart of Stone.

3 JESU, mighty to renew,
Work in me to will and do,
Turn my Nature's rapid Tide
Stem the Torrent of my Pride,

Sop the Whirlwind of my will,
Speak, and bid the Sun ſtand ſtill,
Now thy Love Almighty ſhew,
Make ev'n me a Creature new.

4 Arm of GOD, thy Strength put on,
Bow the Heavens and come down;
All mine Unbelief o'erthrow,
Lay th' aſpiring Mountain low,
Conquer thy worſt Foe in me,
Get thyſelf the Victory,
Save the vileſt of the Race,
Force me to be ſav'd by Grace.

HYMN XIX.

Make me a clean Heart, O GOD. Pſal. li. 5.

1 O For an Heart to praiſe my GOD!
An Heart from Sin ſet free,
An Heart that always feels thy Blood,
So freely ſpilt for me!

2 An Heart reſign'd, ſubmiſſive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's Throne,
Where only CHRIST is heard to ſpeak,
Where JESUS reigns alone,

3 An humble, lowly, contrite Heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither Life nor Death can part
From Him that dwells within.

4 An Heart in every Thought renew'd,
And fill'd with Love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A Copy, LORD, of thine,

5 Thy tender Heart is ſtill the ſame,
And melts at human Woe:
JESU, for Thee diſtreſt I am,
I want thy Love to know.

6 My Heart Thou know'ſt can never reſt,
'Till Thou create my Peace,
'Till of mine *Eden* repoſſeſt,
From Self, and Sin I ceaſe.

7 Fruit of thy gracious Lips, on me
Beſtow the Peace unknown,
The hidden Manna, and the Tree
Of Life, and the white Stone.

8 Thy Nature, gracious LORD, impart,
Come quickly from above,
Write thy new Name upon my Heart,
Thy new, beſt Name of Love.

HYMN XX.

Longing for CHRIST.

1 O Thou, whom fain my Soul would love,
Whom I would gladly die to know;
This Veil of Unbelief remove,
And ſhew me all thy Goodneſs, ſhew:
JESU, Thyſelf in me reveal,
Tell me thy Name, thy Nature tell.

2 Haſt Thou been with me, LORD, ſo long,
Yet Thee, my LORD, have I not known?
I claim Thee with a fault'ring Tongue,
I pray Thee in a feeble Groan;
Tell me, O tell me who Thou, art
And ſpeak thy Name, into my Heart.

3 If now Thou talkeſt by the Way,
With ſuch an abject Worm as me,
Thy Myſteries of Grace diſplay,
Open mine Eyes that I may ſee;
That I may underſtand thy Word;
And now cry out, *It is the LORD!*

HYMN XXI.

The Resignation.

1 AND wilt Thou yet be found?
And may I still draw near?
Then listen to the plaintive Sound
Of a poor Sinner's Prayer.
JESU, thine Aid afford,
If still the same Thou art;
To Thee I look, to Thee, my LORD,
Lift up an helpless Heart.

2 When shall thy Love constrain
And force me to thy Breast?
When shall my Soul return again
To her eternal Rest?
Ah! what avails my Strife,
My Wand'ring to and fro'?
Thou hast the Words of endless Life,
Ah! whither should I go?

3 Thy condescending Grace
To me did freely move:
It calls me still to seek thy Face.
And stoops to ask my Love.
LORD, at thy Feet I fall,
I groan to be set free,
I fain would now obey the Call,
And give up all for Thee.

4 To rescue me from Woe,
Thou didst with all Things part,
Didst lead a suff'ring Life below,
To gain my worthless Heart:
My worthless Heart to gain,
The GOD of All that breathe,
Was found in Fashion as a Man,
And died a cursed Death.

Part the Second.

5 AND can I yet delay
My little All to give?
To tear my Soul from Earth away,
For JESUS to receive?
Nay, but I yield! I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I ſink, by dying Love compell'd,
And own Thee Conqueror.

6 Tho' late I All forſake,
My Friends, my All reſign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And ſeal me ever Thine:
Come, and poſſeſs me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wav'ring Soul
With all thy Weight of Love.

7 My one Deſire be this,
Thy only Love to know,
To ſeek and taſte no other Bliſs,
No other Good below.
My Life, my Portion Thou,
Thou all-ſufficient art;
My Hope, my heavenly Treaſure, now
Enter, and keep my Heart.

8 Rather than let it burn
For Earth, O quench its Heat,
Then, when it would to Earth return,
O let it ceaſe to beat!
Snatch me from Ill to come,
When I from Thee would fly,
O take my wandering Spirit Home,
And grant me then to die!

HYMN XXII.

The Same.

1 O That my Load of Sin were gone!
O that I could at laſt ſubmit
At Jesu's Feet to lay it down,
To lay my Soul at Jesu's Feet!

2 When ſhall mine Eyes behold the Lamb,
The God of my Salvation ſee!
Weary, O Lord, Thou know'ſt I am,
Yet ſtill I cannot come to Thee.

3 Reſt for my Soul I long to find;
Saviour, if mine indeed thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly Mind,
And ſtamp thy Image on my Heart.

4 Fain would I learn of Thee, my God,
Thy light and eaſy Burthen prove,
The Croſs all ſtain'd with hallow'd Blood,
The Labour of thy dying Love.

5 This Moment would I take it up,
And after my dear Maſter bear,
With Thee aſcend to *Calv'ry's* Top,
And bow my Head and ſuffer there.

6 I would; but Thou muſt give the Power,
My Heart from every Sin releaſe:
Bring near, bring near the joyful Hour,
And fill me with thy perfect Peace.

7 Come, Lord, the drooping Sinner chear,
Nor let thy Chariot-wheels delay;
Appear, in my poor Heart appear,
My God, my Saviour, come away!

HYMN XXIII.

A PRAYER *againſt the Power of Sin.*

1 O That Thou wouldſt the Heavens rent
In Majeſty come down,
Stretch out thine Arm omnipotent,
And ſeize me for thine own.

2 Deſcend, and let thy Lightning burn
The Stubble of thy Foe:
My Sins o'erturn, o'erturn, o'erturn,
And make the Mountains flow.

3 Thou my impetuous Spirit guide,
And curb my headſtrong Will;
Thou only canſt drive back the Tide,
And bid the Sun ſtand ſtill.

4 What tho' I cannot break my Chain,
Or e'er throw off my Load,
The Things impoſſible to Men
Are poſſible to GOD.

5 Is any thing too hard for Thee,
Almighty LORD of All;
Whoſe threatning Looks dry up the Sea,
And make the Mountains fall?

6 Who, who ſhall in thy Preſence ſtand,
And match Omnipotence?
Ungraſp the Hold of thy Right hand,
Or pluck the Sinner thence?

7 Sworn to deſtroy, let Earth aſſail,
Nearer to ſave Thou art;
Stronger than all the Powers of Hell,
And greater than my Heart.

8 Lo! to the Hills I lift mine Eyes,
Thy promis'd Help I claim;
Father of Mercies, glorify
Thy Fav'rite JESU's Name!

9 Salvation in that Name is found,
Balm of my Grief and Care;
A Med'cine for my every Wound,
All, all I want is there!

Part the Second.

10 JESU! Redeemer, Saviour, LORD,
The weary Sinner's Friend,
Come to my Help, pronounce the Word
And bid my Troubles end.

11 Deliverance to my Soul proclaim,
And Life, and Liberty,
Shed forth the Virtue of thy Name,
And JESUS prove to me.

12 Faith to be heal'd Thou know'st I have,
For Thou that Faith hast given:
Thou canst, Thou canst the Sinner save,
And make me meet for Heaven.

13 Thou canst overcome this Heart of mine;
Thou wilt victorious prove;
For everlasting Strength is thine,
And everlasting Love.

14 Thy powerful Spirit shall subdue
Unconquerable Sin;
Cleanse this foul Heart, and make it new,
And write thy Law within.

15 Bound down with twice ten thousand Ties
Yet let me hear thy Call;
My Soul in Confidence shall rise,
Shall rise, and break thro' all.

16 Speak, and the Deaf ſhall hear thy Voice,
The Blind his Sight receive,
The Dumb in Songs of Praiſe rejoice,
The Heart of Stone believe.

17 The *Ethiop* then ſhall change his Skin,
The Dead ſhall feel thy Power,
The loathſome Leper ſhall be clean,
And I ſhall Sin no more.

HYMN XXIV.

Deſiring to love.

1 O Love, I languiſh at thy Stay,
I pine for Thee with ling'ring Smart,
Weary and faint, thro' long Delay,
When wilt Thou come into my Heart?
From Sin and Sorrow ſet me free,
And ſwallow up my Soul in Thee?

2 Come, O thou univerſal Good,
Balm of the wounded Conſcience, come,
The hungry, dying Spirit's Food,
The weary, wand'ring Pilgrim's Home,
Haven to take the Shipwreck'd in,
My everlaſting Reſt from Sin.

3 Be Thou, O Love, whate'er I want,
Support my Feebleneſs of Mind,
Relieve the thirſty Soul, the Faint
Relieve, illuminate the Blind;
The Mournful chear, the Drooping lead,
And heal the Sick, and raiſe the Dead.

4 Come, O my Comfort and Delight,
My Strength and Health, my Shield and Sun,
My Boaſt, and Confidence, and Might,
My Joy, my Glory, and my Crown,
My Goſpel-Hope, my Calling's Prize,
My Tree of Life, my Paradiſe.

5 The Secret of the LORD Thou art,
The Myſtery ſo long unknown,
CHRIST in a pure believing Heart,
The Name inſcrib'd in the white Stone,
The Life divine, the little Leaven,
My precious Pearl, my preſent Heaven.

Part the Second.

6 O Love divine, what haſt Thou done!
Th' immortal GOD hath died for me;
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my Sins upon the Tree;
Th' immortal GOD for me hath died,
My LORD, my Love is crucified!

7 Behold Him all ye that paſs by,
The bleeding Prince of Life and Peace;
Come, ſee, ye Worms, your Maker die,
And ſay, was ever Grief like his!
Come, feel with me his Blood applied!
My LORD, my Love is crucified!

8 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us Rebels back to GOD:
Believe, believe the Record true,
We all are bought with JESU's Blood
Pardon and Life flow from his Side:
My LORD, my Love is crucified!

9 Then let us ſit beneath his Croſs,
And gladly catch the healing Stream,
All Things for Him account but Loſs,
And give up all our Hearts to Him,
Of Nothing ſpeak or think beſide,
My LORD, my Love is crucified!

HYMN XXV.

Groaning for the Spirit of Adoption.

1 FATHER, if Thou my Father art,
Send forth the Spirit of thy Son,
Breath Him into my panting Heart,
And make me know as I am known,
Make me thy conſcious Child, that I
May Father, Abba, Father, cry!

2 I want the Spirit of Power within,
Of Love, and of an healthful Mind;
Of Power to conquer in-bred Sin,
Of Love to Thee, and all Mankind,
Of Health, that Pain and Death defies,
Moſt vig'rous when the Body dies.

3 When ſhall I hear the inward Voice,
Which only faithful Souls can hear!
Pardon, and Peace, and heavenly Joys,
Attend the promis'd Comforter;
He comes, and Rightouſneſs divine,
And CHRIST, and all with CHRIST, is mine.

4 O that the Comforter would come,
Nor viſit as a tranſient Gueſt,
But fix in me his conſtant Home,
And keep Poſſeſſion of my Breaſt,
And make my Soul his lov'd Abode,
The Temple of in-dwelling GOD!

5 Come, Holy Ghoſt, my Heart inſpire,
Atteſt that I am born again,
Come, and baptize me now with Fire,
Or all thy former Gifts are vain:
Where is the Senſe of Sin forgiven?
Where is the Earneſt of my Heaven?

6 Where the indubitable Seal,
That aſcertains the Kingdom mine?
The powerful Stamp I long to feel,
The Signature of Love divine:
O ſhed it in my Heart abroad,
Fulneſs of Love, of Heaven, of GOD.

HYMN XXVI.

MICAH vi. 6, &c.

1 WHerewith, O Lord, ſhall I draw near
And bow myſelf before thy Face?
How in thy purer Eyes appear?
What ſhall I bring to gain thy Grace?

2 Will Gifts delight the LORD moſt High?
Will multiplied Oblations pleaſe?
Thouſands of Rams his Favour buy,
Or ſlaughter'd Hecatombs appeaſe!

3 Can theſe aſſuage the Wrath of GOD?
Can theſe waſh out my guilty Stain?
Rivers of Oil, and Seas of Blood,
Alas! they all muſt flow in vain!

4 What have I then wherein to truſt?
I Nothing have, I Nothing am;
Excluded is my every Boaſt,
My Glory ſwallow'd up in Shame.

5 Guilty I ſtand before thy Face;
I feel on me thy Wrath abide:
'Tis juſt the Sentence ſhould take place,
'Tis juſt——but O thy Son hath died!

6 JESUS, the Lamb of GOD, hath bled,
He bore our Sins upon the Tree,
Beneath our Curſe He bow'd his Head,
'Tis finiſh'd! He hath died for me!

7 For me I now believe He died:
He made my every Crime his own,
Fully for me he ſatisfied:
Father, well-pleas'd, behold thy Son.

8 See where before thy Throne He ſtands,
And pours the all-prevailing Prayer,
Points to his Side, and lifts his Hands,
And ſhews that I am graven there.

9 He ever lives for me to pray,
He prays that I with Him may reign:
Amen, to what my LORD doth ſay;
JESU, Thou canſt not pray in vain.

HYMN XXVII.

Redemption found.

1 NOW I have found the Ground, wherein
Sure my Soul's Anchor may remain!
The Wounds of JESUS for my Sin
Before the World's Foundation ſlain:
Whoſe Mercy ſhall unſhaken ſtay,
When Heaven and Earth are fled away.

2 Father, thine everlaſting Grace,
Our ſcanty Thought ſurpaſſes far:
Thine Heart ſtill melts with Tenderneſs,
Thine Arms of Love, ſtill open are,
Returning Sinners to receive.
That Mercy they may taſte, and live.

3 O Love, thou bottomleſs Abyſs!
My Sins are ſwallow'd up in Thee,
Cover'd is mine Urighteouſneſs,
Nor Spot of Guilt remains on me,
While JESU's Blood, thro' Earth and Skies,
Mercy, free, boundleſs Mercy cries.

4 With Faith I plunge me in the Sea,
Here is my Hope, my Joy my Reſt!
Hither, when Hell aſſails, I flee,
I look into my Saviour's Breaſt:
Away, ſad Doubt, and anxious Fear!
Mercy is all that's written there.

5 Tho' Waves and Storms go o'er my Head,
Tho' Strength and Health, and Friends be gone,
Tho' Joys be wither'd all, and dead,
Tho' every Comfort be withdrawn,
On this my ſtedfaſt Soul relies,
Father, thy Mercy never dies,

6 Fix'd on this Ground will I remain,
Tho' my Heart fail, and Fleſh decay:
This Anchor ſhall my Soul ſuſtain,
When Earth's Foundations melt away;
Mercy's full Power I then ſhall prove,
Lov'd with an everlaſting Love.

HYMN XXVIII.

The Same.

1 HOLY Lamb, who Thee receive,
Who in Thee begin to live,
Day and Night they cry to Thee,
As Thou art, ſo let us be!

2 JESU, ſee my panting Breaſt,
See I pant in Thee to reſt!
Gladly would I now be clean,
Cleanſe me now from every Sin.

3 Fix, O fix my wav'ring Mind,
To thy Croſs my Spirit bind,
Earthly Paſſions far remove,
Swallow up our Souls in Love.

4 Duſt and Aſhes tho' we be,
Full of Guilt and Miſery,

Thine we are, Thou Son of God,
Take the Purchaſe of thy Blood.

5 Who in Heart on Thee believes,
He th' Atonement now receives,
He with Joy beholds thy Face,
Triumphs in thy pard'ning Grace.

6 See, ye Sinners, ſee the Flame,
Riſing from the ſlaughter'd Lamb,
Marks the new, the living Way,
Leading to eternal Day.

7 Jesu, when this Light we ſee,
All our Soul's on Fire for Thee,
When thy ſoft'ning Power we prove,
All our Heart diſſolves in Love.

8 Boundleſs Wiſdom, Power divine,
Love unſpeakable are Thine:
Praiſe by all to Thee be given,
Sons of Earth, and Hoſts of Heaven.

HYMN XXIX.

Christ *our Righteouſneſs.*

1 JESU, Thou art my Righteouſneſs,
For all my Sins were thine:
Thy Death hath bought of God my Peace,
Thy Life hath made Him mine.

2 Spotleſs and juſt in Thee I am;
I feel my Sins forgiven:
I taſte Salvation in thy Name,
And antedate my Heaven.

3 For ever here my Reſt ſhall be,
Cloſe to thy bleeding Side;
This all my Hope, and all my Plea,
For *me* the Saviour died.

4 My dying Saviour, and my GOD,
Fountain for Guilt and Sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy Blood,
And cleanſe, and keep me clean.

5 Waſh me, and ſeal me thus thine own,
Waſh me, and mine Thou art;
Waſh me, but not my Feet alone,
My Hands, my Head, my Heart.

6 Th' Atonement of thy Blood apply,
'Till Faith to Sight improve,
'Till Hope in full Fruition die,
And all my Soul is Love.

HYMN XXX.

CHRIST *our Sanctification.*

1 JESUS, my Life, thyſelf apply,
Thine hallowing Spirit breathe;
My vile Affections crucify,
Conform me to thy Death.

2 Conqu'ror of Hell, and Earth, and Sin,
Still with thy Rebel ſtrive:
Enter my Soul, and work within,
And kill, and make alive.

3 More of thy Life, and more I have,
As the old *Adam* dies:
Bury me, Saviour, in thy Grave,
That I with Thee may riſe.

4 Reign in me, LORD; thy Foes controul,
Who would not own thy Sway:
Diffuſe thine Image thro' my Soul,
Shine to the perfect Day.

5 Scatter the laſt Remains of Sin,
And ſeal me thine Abode,
O make me glorious all within,
A Temple built by GOD.

6 Mine inward Holineſs Thou art,
For Faith hath made Thee mine:
With all thy Fulneſs fill my Heart,
'Till all I am is Thine.

HYMN XXXI.

Gratitude for our Converſion.

1 THEE will I love, my Strength, my Tower,
Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown,
Thee will I love with all my Power,
In all my Works, and Thee alone;
Thee will I love, 'till the pure Fire
Fill my whole Soul with chaſte Deſire.

2 Ah! why did I ſo late Thee know,
Thee lovelier than the Sons of Men,
Ah! why did I no ſooner go,
To thee, the only Eaſe in Pain!
Aſham'd I ſigh, and inly mourn,
That I ſo late to Thee did turn.

3 In Darkneſs willingly I ſtray'd;
I ſought Thee, yet from Thee I rov'd:
For wide my wand'ring Thoughts were ſpread,
Thy Creatures more than Thee I lov'd:
And now if more at length I ſee,
'Tis thro' thy Light, and comes from Thee.

4 I thank Thee, uncreated Son,
That thy bright Beams on me have ſhin'd,
I thank Thee, who haſt overthrown
My Foes, and heal'd my wounded Mind:
I thank Thee, whoſe enlivening Voice
Bids my freed Heart in Thee rejoice.

5 Uphold me in the doubtful Race,
Nor ſuffer me again to ſtray:
Strengthen my Feet, with ſteady Pace
Still to preſs forward in thy Way:

My Soul and Fleſh, O LORD of Might,
Fill, ſatiate with thy heavenly Light.

6 Give to mine Eyes refreſhing Tears,
Give to mine Heart chaſte ha'low'd Fires,
Give to my Soul, with filial Fears
The Love that all Heaven's Hoſt inſpires,
That all my Powers with all their Might
In thy ſole Glory may unite.

7 Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my GOD,
Thee will I love beneath thy Frown,
Or Smile, thy Scepter or thy Rod:
What tho' my Fleſh and Heart decay,
Thee ſhall I love in endleſs Day.

HYMN XXXII.

CHRIST *the Friend of Sinners.*

1 WHERE ſhall my wond'ring Soul begin?
How ſhall I all to Heaven aſpire!
A Slave redeem'd from Death and Sin,
A Brand pluck'd from eternal Fire,
How ſhall I equal Triumphs raiſe,
And ſing my great Deliverer's Praiſe?

2 O how ſhall I thy Goodneſs tell,
Father, which Thou to me haſt ſhew'd,
That I, a Child of Wrath and Hell,
I ſhould be call'd a Child of GOD!
Should know, ſhou'd feel my Sins forgiven,
Bleſt with this Antepaſt of Heaven.

3 And ſhall I ſlight my Father's Love,
Or baſely fear his Gifts to own?
Unmindful of his Favours prove?
Shall I, the hallow'd Croſs to ſhun,
Refuſe his Righteouſneſs t'impart,
By hiding it within my Heart?

4 No; tho' the antient Dragon rage,
And call forth all his Hoſt to War,
Tho' Earth's ſelf-righteous Sons engage,
Them, and their God, alike I dare;
JESUS, the Sinner's Friend proclaim,
JESUS, to Sinners ſtill the ſame.

5 Outcaſts of Men, to you I call,
Harlots, and Publicans, and Thieves,
He ſpreads his Arms t' embrace you all,
Sinners alone his Grace receives:
No Need of Him the Righteous have,
He came the Loſt to ſeek and ſave.

6 Come, all ye *Magdalens* in Luſt,
Ye Ruffians fell in Murders old,
Repent and live, deſpair and truſt!
JESUS for you to Death was ſold:
Tho' Hell proteſt, and Earth repine,
He died for Crimes like your's and mine.

7 Come, O my guilty Brethren, come,
Groaning beneath your Load of Sin!
His bleeding Heart ſhall make you Room,
His open Side ſhall take you in:
He calls you now, invites you Home,
Come, O my guilty Brethren, come.

8 For you the purple Current flow'd,
In Pardons from his wounded Side:
Languiſh'd for you th' eternal GOD,
For you the Prince of Glory died:
Believe; and all your Sin's forgiven,
Only believe, and your's is Heaven.

HYMN XXXIII.

Subjection to CHRIST.

1 JESU, to Thee my Heart I bow;
Strange Flames far from my Soul remove:
Faireſt among ten thouſand Thou,
Be Thou my LORD, my Life, my Love.

2 All Heaven Thou fill'ſt with pure Deſire:
O ſhine upon my frozen Breaſt,
With ſacred Love my Heart inſpire;
May I too thy hid Sweetneſs taſte.

3 I ſee thy Garments roll'd in Blood,
Thy ſtreaming Head, thy Hands, thy Side:
All hail, Thou ſuffering conquering GOD,
Now Man ſhall live, for GOD hath died!

4 O kill in me this Rebel Sin,
And triumph o'er my willing Breaſt,
Reſtore thine Image, LORD, therein,
And lead me to thy Father's Reſt.

5 Ye earthly Loves, be far away!
Saviour, be Thou my Love alone;
No more may mine uſurp the Sway,
But in me thy great Will be done.

6 Yea, Thou true Witneſs, ſpotleſs Lamb,
All Things for Thee I count but Loſs;
My ſole Deſire, my conſtant Aim,
My only Glory, be thy Croſs!

HYMN XXXIV.

On the Crucifixion.

1 BEHOLD the Saviour of Mankind,
Nail'd to the ſhameful Tree!
How vaſt the Love that Him inclin'd
To bleed and die for Thee!

2 Hark, how he groans, while Nature ſhakes,
And Earth's ſtrong Pillars bend;
The Temple's Veil in ſunder breaks,
The ſolid Marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious Ranſom's paid:
Receive my Soul, He cries;
See, where he bows his ſacred Head,
He bows his Head, and dies!

4 But ſoon He'll break Death's envious Chain,
And in full Glory ſhine:
O Lamb of God, was ever Pain,
Was ever Love like Thine!

HYMN XXXV.

Living by CHRIST.

1 JESU, thy boundleſs Love to me,
No Thought can reach, no Tongue declare!
O knit my thankful Heart to Thee,
And reign without a Rival there;
Thine wholly, thine alone I am;
Be Thou alone my conſtant Flame.

2 O grant that Nothing in my Soul
May dwell, but thy pure Love alone:
O may thy Love poſſeſs me whole,
My Joy, my Treaſure, and my Crown:
Strange Fires far from my Soul remove;
My every Act, Word, Thought, be Love.

3 O Love, how chearing is thy Ray!
All Pain before thy Preſence flies:
Care, Anguiſh, Sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing Streams ariſe.
O JESU, Nothing may I ſee,
Nothing hear, feel or think, but Thee.

4 Unwearied may I this purſue,
Dauntleſs to the high Prize aſpire;
Hourly within my Breaſt renew
This holy Flame, this heavenly Fire;
And Day and Night be all my Care
To guard this ſacred Treaſure there.

5 My Saviour, Thou thy Love to me,
In Want in Pain, in Shame haſt ſhew'd:
For me on the accurſed Tree
Thou pouredſt forth thy guiltleſs Blood:
Thy Wounds upon my Heart impreſs,
Nor ought ſhall the lov'd Stamp efface.

6 More hard than Marble is my Heart,
And foul with Sins of deepeſt Stain:
But Thou the mighty Saviour art,
Nor flow'd thy cleanſing Blood in vain.
Ah! ſoften, melt this Rock; and may
Thy Blood waſh all theſe Stains away.

7 Oh that my Heart, which open ſtands,
Might catch each Drop, that torturing Pain,
Arm'd by my Sins, wrung from thy Hands,
Thy Feet, thy Head, thy every Vein;
That ſtill my Breaſt may heave with Sighs,
Still Tears of Love o'erflow my Eyes.

8 O that I, as a little Child,
May follow Thee, nor ever reſt,
'Till ſweetly Thou haſt pour'd thy mild
And lowly Mind into my Breaſt!
Nor ever may we parted be,
'Till I become one Spirit with Thee.

Part the Second.

9 O Draw me, Saviour, after Thee,
So ſhall I run and never tire;
With gracious Words ſtill comfort me,
Be thou my Hope, my ſole Deſire:
Free me from every Weight; nor Fear,
Nor Sin can come, if Thou art near.

10 My Health, my Light, my Life, my Crown,
My Portion, and my Treaſure Thou;
O take me, ſeal me for Thine own;
To Thee alone my Soul I bow:

Without Thee all is Pain; my Mind
Repoſe in nought but Thee can find.

11 Howe'er I rove, where'er I turn,
In Thee alone is all my Reſt;
Be Thou my Theme, within me burn,
Jesu, and I in Thee am bleſt:
Thou art the Balm of Life: My Soul
Is faint; O ſave, O make it whole!

12 What in thy Love poſſeſs I not?
My Star by Night, my Sun by Day,
My Spring of Life, when parch'd with Drought
My Wine to chear, my Bread to ſtay
My Strength, my Shield, my ſafe Abode,
My Robe before the Throne of God.

13 Ah! Love, thine Influence withdrawn,
What profits me that I was born?
All my Delight, my Joy, is gone,
Nor know I Peace 'till Thou return:
Thee may I ſeek, 'till I attain,
And never may we part again.

14 From all Eternity, with Love
Unchangeable Thou haſt me view'd:
E're knew this beating Heat to move,
Thy tender Mercies me purſu'd:
Ever with me may they abide,
And cloſe me in on every Side.

15 Still let thy Love point out my Way,
(How wond'rous Things thy Love hath wrought!)
Still lead me, leſt I go aſtray,
Direct my Work, inſpire my Thought,
And when I fall, ſoon may I hear
Thy Voice, and know that Love is near.

16 In Suff'ring be thy Love my Peace,
In Weakneſs be thy Love my Power;

And when the Storms of Life ſhall ceaſe
JESU, in that important Hour,
In Death, as Life, be thou my Guide,
And Save me who for me haſt died.

HYMN XXXVI.

GOD's *Love to Mankind.*

1 O GOD, of Good th' unfathom'd Sea,
Who would not give his Heart to Thee?
Who would not love Thee with his Might?
O JESU, Lover of Mankind,
Who would not his whole Soul and Mind,
With all his Strength to Thee unite?

2 Thou ſhin'ſt with everlaſting Rays;
Before the inſufferable Blaze
Angels with both Wings veil their Eyes
Yet free as Air thy Bounty ſtreams
On all thy Works, thy Mercy's Beams,
Diffuſive as thy Sun's ariſe.

3 Aſtoniſh'd at thy frowning Brow,
Earth, Hell, and Heaven's ſtrong Pillars bow,
Terrible Majeſty is thine!
Who then can that vaſt Love expreſs,
Which bows Thee down to me, who leſs
Than Nothing am, 'till Thou art mine?

4 High-thron'd on Heaven's eternal Hill,
In Number, Weight, and Meaſure ſtill
Thou ſweetly order'ſt all that is:
And yet Thou deign'ſt to come to me,
And guide my Steps, that I with Thee
Inthron'd, may reign in endleſs Bliſs.

5 Fountain of Good, all Bleſſing flows
From Thee; no Want thy Fulneſs knows:
What but Thyſelf canſt Thou deſire?

Yes; ſelf-ſufficient as Thou art,
Thou doſt deſire my worthleſs Heart;
This, only this Thou doſt require.

6 Primeval Beauty! in thy Sight
The firſt-born faireſt Sons of Light,
See all their brighteſt Glories fade;
What then to me thine Eyes could turn,
In Sin conceiv'd, of Woman born,
A Worm, a Leaf, a Blaſt, a Shade!

7 Hell's Armies tremble at thy Nod,
And trembling own th' Almighty God,
Sov'reign of Earth, Hell, Air, and Sky,
But who is this that comes from far,
Whoſe Garments roll'd in Blood appear?
'Tis God made Man, for Man to die.

8 O God, of Good th' unfathom'd Sea,
Who would not give his Heart to Thee?
Who would not love Thee with his Might?
O Jesu, Lover of Mankind,
Who would not his whole Soul and Mind,
With all his Strength to Thee unite?

HYMN XXXVII.

Truſt in Providence.

1 COMMIT thou all thy Griefs,
And Ways into his Hands,
To his ſure Truth and tender Care,
Who Earth and Heaven commands:
Who points the Clouds their Courſe,
Whom Winds and Seas obey,
He ſhall direct thy wand'ring Feet
He ſhall prepare thy Way.

2 Thou on the LORD rely,
So ſafe ſhalt Thou go on,
Fix on his Work thy ſtedfaſt Eye,
So ſhall thy Work be done.
No Profit canſt thou gain
By ſelf-conſuming Care:
To Him commend thy Cauſe, his Ear
Attends the ſofteſt Prayer.

3 Thine everlaſting Truth
Father, thy ceaſeleſs Love,
Sees all thy Childrens Wants, and knows
What beſt for each will prove;
And whatſoe'er Thou will'ſt,
Thou doſt, O King of Kings:
What thine unerring Wiſdom choſe,
Thy Power to Being brings.

4 Thou every where haſt Way,
And all Things ſerve thy Might;
Thy every Act pure Bleſſing is,
Thy Path unſullied Light.
When Thou ariſeſt, LORD,
What ſhall thy Work withſtand?
When all thy Children want, Thou giv'ſt,
Who, who ſhall ſtay thy Hand?

Part the Second.

5 GIVE to the Winds thy Fears,
Hope and be undiſmay'd;
GOD hears thy Sighs, and counts thy Tears,
GOD ſhall lift up thy Head,
Thro' Waves, and Clouds, and Storms,
He gently clears thy Way;
Wait thou his Time, ſo ſhall this Night
Soon end in joyous Day.

6 Still heavy is thy Heart?
Still ſink thy Spirits down?
Caſt off the Weight, let Fear depart,
And every Care be gone:

What tho' thou ruleſt not?
Yet Heaven, and Earth, and Hell,
Proclaim God ſitteth on the Throne,
And ruleth all Things well.

7 Leave to his ſov'reign Sway
To chuſe, and to command,
So ſhalt thou wond'ring own his Way,
How wiſe, how ſtrong his Hand:
Far, far above thy Thought,
His Counſel ſhall appear,
When fully He the Work hath wrought,
That caus'd thy needleſs Fear.

8 Thou ſeeſt our Weakneſs, Lord,
Our Hearts are known to Thee,
O lift Thou up the ſinking Hand,
Confirm the feeble Knee!
Let us in Life, in Death,
Thy ſtedfaſt Truth declare,
And publiſh with our lateſt Breath,
Thy Love, and Guardian Care.

HYMN XXXVIII.

Isaiah xliii. 1, 2.

1 PEACE, doubtful Heart, my God's I am:
Who form'd me Man, forbids my Fear:
The Lord hath call'd me by my Name;
The Lord protects, for ever near:
His Blood for me did once atone,
And ſtill He loves, and guards his own.

2 When paſſing thro' the watry Deep,
I aſk in Faith his promis'd Aid;
The Waves an awful Diſtance keep,
And ſhrink from my devoted Head:
Fearleſs their Violence I dare;
They cannot harm, for God is there!

3 To Him my Eye of Faith I turn,
And thro' the Fire purſue my Way:
The Fire forgets its Power to burn,
The lambent Flames around me play:
I own his Power, accept the Sign,
And ſhout to prove the Saviour mine.

4 Still nigh me, O my Saviour, ſtand,
And guard in fierce Temptation's Hour,
Hide in the Hollow of thy Hand,
Shew forth in me thy ſaving Power;
Still be thy Arms my ſure Defence;
Nor Earth nor Hell ſhall pluck me thence.

5 Since Thou haſt bid me come to Thee,
(Good as Thou art, and ſtrong to ſave)
I'll walk o'er Life's tempeſtuous Sea,
Up-borne by the unyielding Wave;
Dauntleſs, tho' Rocks of Pride be near,
And yawning Whirlpools of Deſpair.

6 When Darkneſs intercepts the Skies,
And Sorrow's Waves around me roll,
When high the Storms of Paſſion riſe,
And half o'erwhelm my ſinking Soul;
My Soul a ſudden Power ſhall feel,
And hear a Whiſper, Peace, be *ſtill*!

7 Tho' in Affliction's Furnace tried,
Unhurt, on Snares and Death I'll tread;
Tho' Sin aſſail, and Hell thrown wide,
Pour all its Flames upon my Head:
Like *Moſes'* Buſh I'll mount the higher,
And flouriſh unconſum'd in Fire.

HYMN XXXIX.

Wreſtling Jacob.

1 COME, O Thou Traveller unknown,
Whom ſtill I hold, but cannot ſee!
My Company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee:
With Thee all Night I mean to ſtay,
And wreſtle 'till the Break of Day.

2 I need not tell Thee who I am,
My Miſery or Sin declare:
Thyſelf haſt call'd me by my Name;
Look on thy Hands, and read it there!
But who, I aſk Thee, who art Thou?
Tell me thy Name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou ſtruggleſt to get free,
I never will unlooſe my Hold:
Art Thou the Man that died for me?
The Secret of thy Love unfold:
Wreſtling, I will not let Thee go,
'Till I thy Name, thy Nature know.

4 Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable Name?
O tell me, I beſeech Thee, tell;
To know it now reſolv'd I am:
Wreſtling, I will not let Thee go,
'Till I thy Name, thy Nature know.

5 'Tis all in vain to hold thy Tongue,
Or touch the Hollow of my Thigh;
Tho' every Sinew were unſtrung,
Out of my Arms Thou ſhouldſt not fly:
Wreſtling, I will not let Thee go,
'Till I thy Name, thy Nature know.

6 What tho' my ſhrinking Fleſh complain,
And murmur to contend ſo long;
I riſe ſuperior to my Pain,
When I am weak, then I am ſtrong:
And when my All of Strength doth fail,
I ſhall with the God-Man prevail.

7 My Strength is gone, my Nature dies,
I ſink beneath thy weighty Hand,
Faint to revive, and fall to riſe,
I fall, and yet by Faith I ſtand:
I ſtand, and will not let Thee go,
'Till I thy Name, thy Nature know.

Part the Second.

8 YIELD to me now, for I am weak;
But confident in Self-deſpair!
Speak to my Heart, in Bleſſings ſpeak,
Be conquer'd by my inſtant Prayer:
Speak, or Thou never hence ſhalt move,
And tell me if thy Name is Love.

9 'Tis Love, 'tis Love! Thou diedſt for me;
I hear thy Whiſper in my Heart;
The Morning breaks, the Shadows flee;
Pure univerſal Love Thou art:
To me, to all, thy Bowels move,
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

10 My Prayer hath Power with God; the Grace
Unſpeakable I now receive;
Thro' Faith I ſee Thee Face to Face,
I ſee Thee Face to Face, and live:
In vain I have not wept, and ſtrove,
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

11 I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art,
Jesus, the feeble Sinner's Friend;
Nor wilt thou with the Night depart,
But ſtay, and love me to the End:

Thy Mercies never ſhall remove,
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

12 The Sun of Righteouſneſs on me
Hath roſe, with Healing in his Wings;
Wither'd my Nature's Strength; from Thee
My Soul its Life and Succour brings:
My Help is all laid up above,
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

13 Contented now, upon my Thigh
I halt, 'till Life's ſhort Journey end;
All Helpleſſneſs, all Weakneſs, I
On Thee alone for Strength depend;
Nor have I Power from Thee to move;
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

14 Lame as I am, I take the Prey,
Hell, Earth, and Sin, with Eaſe o'ercome;
I leap for Joy, purſue my Way,
And as a bounding Hart fly home,
Thro' all Eternity to prove
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

HYMN XL.

To CHRIST.

1 ARISE, my Soul, ariſe,
Thy Saviour's Sacrifice!
All the Names that Love could find,
All the Forms that Love could take,
JESUS in Himſelf hath join'd,
Thee my Soul his own to make.

2 Equal with GOD moſt high,
He laid his Glory by;
He th' eternal GOD, was born,
Man with Men He deign'd t' appear,
Object of his Creature's Scorn,
Pleas'd a *Servant*'s Form to wear.

3 Hail, everlasting LORD,
Divine incarnate *Word!*
Thee let all my Powers confess,
Thee my latest Breath proclaim!
Help, ye Angel Choirs to bless,
Shout the lov'd *Immanuel*'s Name.

4 Fruit of a Virgin's Womb,
The promis'd Blessing's come:
CHRIST, the Father's Hope of old,
CHRIST, the *Woman*'s conq'ring Seed,
CHRIST, the Saviour, long foretold,
Born to bruise the Serpent's Head.

5 Refulgent from afar
See the bright *Morning-star!*
See the *Day-spring* from on high,
Late in deepest Darkness rise!
Night recedes, the Shadows fly,
Flame with Day the opening Skies.

6 He shines on Earth ador'd,
The *Presence of the* LORD:
GOD, the mighty GOD and true,
GOD by highest Heaven confest,
Stands display'd to mortal View,
GOD supreme, for ever blest.

Part the Second.

7 JESU, to Thee I bow,
Th' Almighty's *Fellow* Thou!
Thou the Father's only Son,
Pleas'd He ever is in Thee,
Just and holy Thou alone,
Full of Truth, and Grace for me.

8 High above every Name,
JESUS, the Great I AM;

Bows to JESUS every Knee,
Things in Heaven, and Earth, and Hell;
Saints adore Him, Dæmons flee,
Fiends, and Men, and Angels feel.

9 He left his Throne above,
Emptied of all but Love:
Whom the Heavens cannot contain,
GOD vouchsaf'd a Worm t' appear,
LORD of Glory, *Son of Man*,
Poor, and vile, and abject here.

10 His own on Earth he sought,
His own receiv'd Him not:
Him a Sign by all blasphem'd,
Outcast, and despis'd of Men:
Him they all a Madman deem'd,
Bold to scoff the *Nazarene*.

11 Hail *Galilean* King!
Thy humble State I sing;
Never shall my Triumph end:
Hail, derided Majesty!
JESUS, hail! the Sinner's Friend!
Friend of Publicans——and me.

12 Hail, the Life-giving LORD!
Divine ingrafted Word!
Thee *the Life* our Souls have found,
Thee *the Resurrection* prov'd:
Dead, we heard the quick'ning Sound,
Own'd thy Voice, believ'd, and lov'd.

13 With Thee gone up on high,
We live no more to die:
First and *Last* we feel Thee now,
Witnessing thy empty Tomb,
Alpha and *Omega* Thou
Wast, and art, and art to come.

HYMN XLI.

To CHRIST.

1 SAVIOUR, the World's and mine,
Was ever Grief like Thine!
Thou my Pain and Curſe haſt took,
All my Sins were laid on Thee:
Help me, LORD, to Thee I look:
Draw me, Saviour, after Thee.

2 'Tis done! my GOD hath died,
My Love is crucified!
Break, this ſtony Heart of mine,
Pour, my Eyes, a ceaſeleſs Flood,
Feel, my Soul, the Pangs divine,
Catch, my Heart, the iſſuing Blood!

3 When, O my GOD, ſhall I
For Thee ſubmit to die?
How the mighty Debt repay,
Rival of thy Paſſion prove?
Lead me in Thyſelf the Way,
Melt my Hardneſs into Love.

4 To Love is all my Wiſh,
I only live for This;
Grant me, LORD, my Heart's Deſire,
There by Faith for ever dwell:
This I always will require,
Thee, and only Thee, to feel.

5 Thy Power I pant to prove,
Rooted and fix'd in Love,
Strengthen'd by thy Spirit's Might,
Wiſe to fathom Things divine,
What the Length, and Breadth, and Height
What the Depth of Love like thine.

6 Ah! give me this to know,
With all thy Saints below!

Swells my Soul to compaſs Thee,
Gaſps in Thee to live and move,
Fill'd with all the Deity,
All immerſt and loſt in Love

HYMN XLII.

To CHRIST.

1 STILL, O my Soul, prolong
The never-ceaſing Song!
CHRIST my Theme, my Hope my Joy;
His be all my happy Days,
Praiſe my every Hour employ,
Every Breath be ſpent in Praiſe.

2 His would I wholly be,
Who liv'd and died for me:
Grief was all his Life below,
Pain, and Poverty, and Loſs:
Mine the Sins that bruis'd Him ſo,
Scourg'd and nail'd Him to the Croſs.

3 He bore the Curſe of all,
A ſpotleſs Criminal:
Burthen'd with a World of Guilt
Blacken'd with imputed Sin,
Man to ſave, his Blood he ſpilt,
Died to make the Sinner clean.

4 Join Earth and Heaven to bleſs
The LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS
Myſtery of Redemption this,
This the Saviour's ſtrange Deſign
Man's Offence was counted His,
Ours his Righteouſneſs divine.

5 In Him compleat we ſhine,
His Death his Life his mine:

Fully am I juſtified,
Free from Sin and more than free;
Guiltleſs, ſince for me He died,
Righteous, ſince He died for me.

6 JESU, to Thee I bow,
Sav'd to the utmoſt now:
O the Depth of Love divine!
Who thy Wiſdom's Stores can tell?
Knowledge infinite is Thine,
All thy Ways unſearchable!

HYMN XLIII.

To CHRIST *the King.*

1 JESU, Thou art our King,
To me thy Succour bring,
CHRIST the Mighty One art Thou,
Help for all on Thee is laid:
This the Word, I claim it now,
Send me now the promis'd Aid.

2 High on thy Father's Throne,
O look with Pity down!
Help, O help! attend my Call,
Captive lead Captivity!
King of Glory, LORD of all,
CHRIST, be LORD, be King to me.

3 I pant to feel thy Sway,
And only Thee t' obey:
Thee my Spirit gaſps to meet:
This my one, my ceaſeleſs Prayer,
Make, O make my Heart thy Seat,
O ſet up thy Kingdom there!

4 Triumph and reign in me,
And ſpread thy Victory:

Hell, and death, and Sin, controul,
Pride, Self-Love and every Foe,
All ſubdue; thro' all my Soul
Conquering, and to conquer go.

HYMN XLIV.

Invitation of Sinners to CHRIST.

1 O For a thouſand Tongues to ſing
My dear Redeemer's Praiſe!
The Glories of my God and King,
The Triumphs of his Grace.

2 My gracious Maſter and my GOD,
Aſſiſt me to proclaim,
To ſpread thro' all the Earth abroad
The Honours of thy Name.

3 JESUS, the Name that charms our Fears,
That bids our Sorrows ceaſe;
'Tis Muſic in the Sinner's Ears,
'Tis Life, and Health, and Peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancel'd Sin,
He ſets the Priſoners free:
His Blood can make the Foulеſt clean;
His Blood avail'd for me.

5 He ſpeaks; and liſtening to his Voice,
New Life the dead receive,
The mournful broken Hearts rejoice,
The humble Poor believe.

6 Hear Him, ye Deaf; his Praiſe, ye Dumb,
Your looſen'd Tongues employ,
Ye Blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye Lame, for Joy.

7 Look unto Him ye Nations, own
Your God, ye fallen Race!
Look and be ſav'd thro' Faith alone,
Be juſtified by Grace.

8 Harlots and Publicans, and Thieves,
In holy Triumph join!
Sav'd is the Sinner that believes
From Crimes as great as mine.

9 Murtherers, and all the helliſh Crew,
Blacken'd with Luſt and Pride,
Believe the Saviour died for you,
For you the Saviour died.

10 Awake from guilty Nature's Sleep,
And CHRIST ſhall give you Light,
Caſt all your Sins into the Deep,
And waſh the *Ethiop* white.

11 With me, your Chief ye then ſhall *know*,
Shall *feel* your Sins forgiven,
Anticipate your Heaven below,
And own that Love is Heaven.

HYMN XLV.

The SAVIOUR *glorified by All.*

1 THOU, JESU, art our King,
Thy ceaſeleſs Praiſe we ſing:
Praiſe ſhall our glad Tongue employ,
Praiſe o'erflow our grateful Soul,
While we vital Breath enjoy,
While eternal Ages roll.

2 Thou art th' eternal Light,
That ſhin'ſt in deepeſt Night,

Wond'ring, gaze the angelic Train
While Thou bow'dſt the Heavens beneath
GOD with GOD wert Man with Man,
Man to ſave from endleſs Death.

3 Thou for our Pain didſt mourn,
Thou haſt our Sickneſs borne;
All our Sins on Thee were laid,
Thou with unexampled Grace,
All the mighty Debt haſt paid,
Due from *Adam*'s helpleſs Race.

4 Thou haſt o'erthrown the Foe;
GOD's Kingdom fix'd below
Conqu'ror of all adverſe Power,
Thou Heaven's Gates haſt open'd wide,
Thou thine own doſt lead ſecure,
In thy Croſs, and by thy Side.

5 Enthron'd above yon Sky
Thou reign'ſt with GOD moſt high.
Proſtrate at thy Feet we fall;
Power ſupreme to Thee is given;
Thee the righteous LORD of all,
Sons of Earth and Hoſts of Heaven.

6 Cherubs and Seraphs join,
And in thy Praiſe combine:
All their Choirs thy Glories ſing:
Who ſhall dare with Thee to vie?
Mighty LORD, eternal King,
Sovereign both of Earth and Sky.

Part the Second.

7 HAIL, venerable Train,
Partriarchs, firſt-born of Men
Hail Apoſtles of the Lamb,
By whoſe Strength ye faithful prov'd;
Join t' exol his ſacred Name,
Whom in Life and Death ye lov'd.

8 The Church, thro' all her Bounds,
With thy high Praiſe reſounds;
Confeſſors, undaunted here,
Unaſhamed proclaim their King,
Childrens feebler Voices there,
To thy Name Hoſannas ſing.

9 'Midſt Dangers blackeſt Frown
The Hoſts of Martyrs own:
Pain and Shame alike they dare
Firmly, ſingularly good,
Glorying thy Croſs to bear,
'Till they ſeal their Faith with Blood.

10 Ev'n Heathens feel thy Power,
Thou ſuffering Conqueror!
Thouſand Virgins, chaſte and clean,
From Love's pleaſing Witchcraft free,
Fairer then the Sons of Men,
Conſecrate their Hearts to Thee.

11 Wide Earth's remoteſt Bound
Full of thy Praiſe is found:
And all Heaven's eternal Day
With thy ſtreaming Glory flames:
All thy Foes ſhall melt away,
From th' inſufferable Beams.

12 O Lord, O God of Love,
Let us thy Mercy prove!
King of All, with pitying Eye,
Mark the Toil, the Pangs we feel;
'Midſt the Snares of Death we lie,
'Midſt the banded Powers of Hell.

13 Ariſe, ſtir up thy Power,
Thou deathleſs Conqueror!
Help us to obtain the Prize,
Help us well to cloſe our Race,
That with Thee above the Skies,
Endleſs Joys we may poſſeſs.

HYMN XLVI.

I am determined to know Nothing, ſave JESUS CHRIST, *and Him crucified.*

1 VAIN deluſive World, adieu,
With all of Creature-good;
Only JESUS I purſue,
Who bought me with his Blood:
All thy Pleaſures I forego,
I trample on thy Wealth and Pride,
Only JESUS will I know,
And JESUS crucified.

2 Other Knowledge I diſdain,
'Tis all but Vanity:
CHRIST, the Lamb of GOD, was ſlain,
He taſted Death for me:
Me to ſave from endleſs Woe,
The Sin-atoning Victim died:
Only JESUS will I know,
And JESUS crucified.

3 Turning to my Reſt again,
The Saviour I adore,
He relieves my Grief and Pain,
And bids me weep no more:
Rivers of Salvation flow
From out his Head, his Hands, his Side:
Only JESUS will I know,
And JESUS crucified.

4 Here will I ſet up my Reſt,
My fluctuating Heart
From the Haven of his Breaſt
Shall never more depart:

Wither ſhould a Sinner go?
His wounds for me ſtand open wide:
Only JESUS will I know,
And JESUS crucified.

Part the Second

5 WHAT tho' all I am is Sin,
Sin cannot break my Peace,
Here is Blood to waſh me clean
From all Unrighteouſneſs:
This ſhall waſh me white as Snow;
On this for all Things I confide:
Only JESUS will I know,
And JESUS crucified.

6 What tho' Earth and Hell engage
To ſhake my Soul with Fear,
Calmly I defy the Rage
Of Perſecution near;
Suffring Faith ſhall brighter glow,
As Gold when in the Furnace tried:
Only JESUS will I know,
And JESUS crucified.

7 Him to know is Life and Peace,
And Pleaſure without End:
This is all my Happineſs,
On JESUS to depend,
Daily in his Grace to grow,
And ever in his Faith abide:
Only JESUS will I know,
And JESUS crucified.

8 O that I could all invite,
This ſaving Truth to prove!
Shew the Length, and Breadth, and Height,
And Depth of JESU's Love!
Fain I would to Sinners ſhew
The Blood by Faith alone applied:
Only JESUS will I know,
And JESUS crucified.

9 Him in all my Works I ſeek,
Who hung upon the Tree,
Only of his Love I ſpeak,
Who freely died for me.
While I ſojourn here below,
Of Nothing will I think beſide:
Only JESUS will I know,
And JESUS crucified.

HYMN XLVII.

The Same.

1 LET the World their Virtue boaſt,
Their Works of Righteouſneſs,
I, a Wretch undone and loſt,
Am freely ſav'd by Grace,
Other Title I diſclaim,
This, only this is all my Plea,
I the chief of Sinners am,
But JESUS died for me.

2 Let the ſtronger Sons of GOD
Their Liberty aſſert,
Juſtly glory in the Blood
That made them pure in Heart;
I am full of Guilt and Shame,
My Heart as black as Hell I ſee;
I the chief of Sinners am,
But JESUS died for me.

3 Happy they, whoſe Joys abound,
Like *Jordan*'s ſwelling Stream,
Who their Heaven in CHRIST have found,
And give the Praiſe to Him:
Let them triumph in his Name,
Enjoy their full Felicity:
I the chief of Sinners am,
But JESUS died for me.

4 Bleſt are they entirely bleſt,
Who can in Him rejoice,
Lean on his beloved Breaſt,
And hear the Bridegroom's Voice:
Meaneſt Follower of the Lamb,
His Steps I at a Diſtance ſee,
I the chief of Sinners am,
But JESUS died for me.

5 Surely He will lift me up,
For I of Him have Need
I cannot give up my Hope,
Tho, I am cold and dead:
To bring Fire on Earth He came;
O that it now might kindled be!
I the chief of Sinners am,
But JESUS died for me.

6 JESUS, Thou for me haſt died,
And Thou in me wilt live,
I ſhall feel thy Death applied,
I ſhall thy Life receive:
Yet when melted in the Flame
Of Love, this ſhall be all my Plea;
I the chief of Sinners am,
But JESUS died for me.

HYMN XLVIII.

To CHRIST *the Prophet.*

1 PROPHET on Earth beſtow'd,
A Teacher ſent from GOD,
Thee we welcome from Above,
Sent the Father to reveal,
Sent to manifeſt his Love,
Sent to teach his perfect Will.

2 Ah! give us, LORD, to know
Thine Office here below:

Preach Deliverance to the Poor;
Sent for this, O CHRIST, Thou art:
JESU, all our Sickneſs cure,
Bind Thou up the broken Heart.

3 Publiſh the joyful Year
Of GOD's Acceptance here,
Preach glad Tidings to the Meek,
Liberty to Spirits bound,
Gracious, free Redemption ſpeak,
Spread thro' Earth the Goſpel-Sound.

4 Humbly behold we ſit,
And liſten at thy Feet;
Never will we hence remove:
Lo! to Thee our Souls we bow:
Tell us of thy Father's Love;
Speak; for LORD, we hear Thee now.

5 Maſter, to us reveal,
His acceptable Will:
Ever for thy Law we wait:
Write it in our inward Parts,
Our dark Minds illuminate,
Grave thy Kindneſs on our Hearts.

6 Thou art the Truth, the Way,
O teach us how to pray;
Worſhip ſpiritual and true
Still inſtruct us how to give:
Let us pay the Service due,
Let us to GOD's Glory live.

Part the Second.

7 HOLY and true the Key
Of *David* reſts on Thee,
Come MESSIAH, all Things tell,
Make us to Salvation wiſe,
Shut the Gates of Death and Hell,
Open, open Paradiſe.

8 Witneſs, within us place
The Spirit of his Grace;
Teach us inwardly, and guide
By an Unction from above,
Let it in our Hearts abide,
Source of Light, and Life, and Love.

9 Pronounce our happy Doom,
And ſhew us Things to come:
All the Depths of Love diſplay,
All the Myſtery unfold,
Speak us ſeal'd to thy great Day,
In thy Book of Life inroll'd!

10 Shepherd, ſecurely keep
Thy little Flock of Sheep:
Call'd and gather'd into one,
Feed us, in green Paſtures feed,
Make us quietly lie down,
By the Streams of Comfort lead.

11 Thou, even Thou art He,
Whom Pain and Sorrow flee:
Comforter of all that mourn,
Let us by thy Guidance come,
Crown'd with endleſs Joy, return
To our everlaſting Home.

HYMN XLIX.

CHRIST *protecting and ſanctifying.*

1 O JESU, Source of calm Repoſe,
Thy like nor Man nor Angel knows,
Faireſt among ten thouſand fair,
Ev'n thoſe whom Death's ſad Fetters bound,
Whom thickeſt Darkneſs compaſs'd round,
Find Light and Life, if Thou appear.

2 Effulgence of the Light divine,
E're rolling Planets knew to ſhine,
E're Time its ceaſeleſs courſe began;
Thou, when th' appointed Time was come,
Didſt not abhor the Virgin's womb,
But GOD with GOD wert Man with Man.

3 The World, Sin, Death, oppoſe in vain,
Thou by thy Dying Death haſt ſlain,
My great Deliverer, and my GOD!
In vain does the old Dragon rage,
In vain all Hell its Powers engage:
None can withſtand thy conqu'ring Blood.

4 LORD over all, ſent to fulfil
Thy gracious Father's ſov'reign Will,
To thy dread Scepter will I bow:
With duteous Reverence at thy Feet,
Like humble *Mary*, lo! I ſit,
Speak, LORD, thy Servant heareth now.

5 Renew thine Image, LORD in me,
Lowly and gentle may I be,
No Charms but theſe to Thee are dear:
No Anger mayſt Thou ever find,
No Pride in my unruffled Mind,
But Faith and Heav'n-born Peace be there.

6 A patient, a victorious Mind,
Which Life and all Things caſts behind,
Springs forth obedient to thy Call;
An Heart which no Deſire can move,
But ſtill t' adore, believe, and love,
Give me, my LORD, my Life, my All.

HYMN L.

A Thankſgiving.

1 O Heavenly King, Look down from above,
Aſſiſt us to ſing Thy Mercy and Love;
So ſweetly o'erflowing So plenteous the Store,
Thou ſtill art beſtowing, And giving us more.

2 O God of our Life, We hallow thy Name;
Our Buſineſs and Strife Is Thee to proclaim;
Accept our Thankſgiving For creating Grace;
The Living, the Living, Shall ſhew forth thy Praiſe.

3 Our Father and Lord Almighty art Thou:
Preſerv'd by thy Word We worſhip Thee now
The bountiful Donor of all we enjoy!
Our Tongues to thine Honour And Lives we em-
[ploy.

4 But O above all Thy Kindneſs we Praiſe.
From Sin and from Thrall Which ſaves the loſt
[Race;
Thy Son Thou haſt given A World to redeem
And bring us to Heaven, Whoſe Truſt is in Him.

5 Wherefore of thy Love We ſing and rejoice,
With Angels above We lift up our Voice,
Thy Love each Believer Shall gladly adore,
For ever and ever When Time is no more.

HYMN LI.

Another.

1 O What ſhall I do My Saviour to praiſe?
So faithful and true, So plenteous in Grace?
So ſtrong to deliver, So good to redeem
The weakeſt Believer, That hangs upon Him!

2 How happy the Man Whoſe Heart is ſet free,
The People that can Be joyful in Thee!
Their Joy is to walk in The Light of thy Face,
And ſtill they are talking Of JESUS's Grace.

3 Their daily Delight Shall be in thy Name,
They ſhall, as their Right, Thy Righteouſneſs claim:
Thy Righteouſneſs wearing, And cleans'd by thy Blood,
Bold ſhall they appear in The Preſence of GOD.

4 For Thou art their Boaſt, Their Glory and Pow'r,
And I alſo truſt To ſee the glad Hour,
My Soul's new Creation, A Life from the Dead,
The Day of Salvation, That lifts up my Head.

5 For JESUS, my LORD, is now my Defence;
I truſt in his Word None plucks me from thence;
Since I have found Favour, He all Things will do;
My King and my Saviour Shall make me anew.

6 Yes, LORD, I ſhall ſee The Bliſs of thine own,
Thy Secret to me Shall ſoon be made known:
For Sorrow and Sadneſs I Joy ſhall receive,
And ſhare in the Gladneſs Of all that believe.

HYMN LII.

Another.

1 O God of my Salvation, hear,
And help a Sinner to draw near
With Boldneſs to the Throne of Grace:
Help me thy Benefits to ſing,
And ſmile to ſee me feebly bring
My humble Sacrifice of Praiſe,

2 I cannot praiſe Thee as I would,
But Thou art merciful and good:
I know Thou never wilt deſpiſe

The Day of Small and feeble Things,
But bear me 'till on Eagle's Wings
To all the Heights of Love I riſe.

3 A vile backſliding Sinner I
Ten thouſand Deaths deſerve to die,
Yet ſtill by ſovereign Grace I live:
Saviour, to Thee I ſtill look up,
I ſee an open Door of Hope,
And wait thy Fulneſs to receive.

4 How ſhall I thank Thee for the Grace,
The Truſt I have to ſee thy Face,
When Sin ſhall all be purg'd away!
The Night of Doubts and Fears is paſt,
The Morning-Star appears at laſt.
And I ſhall ſee thy perfect Day.

5 Already, LORD, I feel thy Power,
Perſerv'd from Evil every Hour,
My great Preſerver I proclaim;
Safety and Strength in Thee I have,
I find, I find Thee ſtrong to ſave,
And know that JESUS is thy Name:

6 By Faith I every Moment ſtand,
Strangely upheld by thy Right-hand,
I my own Wickedneſs eſchew,
A Sinner I am kept from Sin,
And Thou ſhalt make me pure within,
And Thou ſhalt form my Soul anew.

Part the Second.

7 I Thank Thee whoſe atoning Blood
Each Moment intercedes with GOD,
Sprinkling my every Word and Thought:
GOD hears thy Blood for Mercy cry,
And paſſes all my Follies by;
He ſees, but he imputes them not.

8 I Sin in every Breath I draw,
Nor do thy Will, nor keep thy Law,
On Earth, as Angels do above:
But ſtill the Fountain open ſtands,
Waſhes my Feet, and Head, and Hands,
'Till I am perfected in Love.

9 Come then, and looſe my ſtamm'ring Tongue,
Teach me the new, the Goſpel-Song,
And perfect in a Babe thy Praiſe:
I want a thouſand Lives t' employ
In publiſhing the Sounds of Joy,
The Goſpel of thy pard'ning Grace.

10 Come, LORD, thy Spirit bids Thee come,
Give me Thyſelf, and take me home,
Be now the glorious Earneſt given:
The Counſel of thy Grace fulfil,
Thy Kindom come thy perfect Will
Be done in Earth, as 'tis in Heaven.

HYMN LIII.

To the TRINITY.

1 GOD of unexhauſted Grace,
Of everlaſting Love,
Overpower'd before thy face
I fall, and dare not move:
What haſt Thou for Sinners done,
For ſo poor a Worm as me?
Thou haſt given thine only Son,
To Bring us back to Thee.

2 Suffering, Sin-atoning GOD,
Thy hallow'd Name I bleſs,
JESUS, laviſh of thy Blood,
To buy the Sinner's Peace!

Gushing from thy sacred Veins,
Let it now my Soul o'erflow,
Purge out all my sinful Stains,
And wash me white as Snow.

3 Holy Ghost, set to thy Seal,
The Life of JESUS breathe,
The deep Things of GOD reveal,
Apply *my* Saviour's Death:
With the Father, and the Son,
Soon as one in Thee I am,
All my Nature shall make known
The Glories of the Lamb.

4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Thy Godhead we adore,
Join with the triumphant Host
Who praise Thee evermore:
Live by Heaven and Earth ador'd,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Holy, holy, holy LORD,
All Glory be to Thee.

HYMN LIV.

The good Fight.

1 OMnipotent LORD, My Saviour and King,
thy Succour afford, Thy Righteousness bring,
Thy Promises bind Thee Compassion to have,
Now, now let me find Thee Almighty to save.

2 Rejoicing in Hope, And patient in Grief,
To Thee I look up For certain Relief:
I fear no Denial, No Danger I fear,
Nor start from the Trial, While JESUS is near.

3 I every Hour in Jeopardy stand;
But Thou art my Power, And holdest my Hand:

While yet I am calling, Thy Succour I feel,
It saves me from falling, Or plucks me from Hell.

4 O who can explain This Struggle for Life?
This Travel and Pain, This Trembling and Strife?
Plague, Earthquake, and Famine, And Tumult, and War,
The Wonderful Coming of JESUS declare.

5 For every Fight Is dreadful and loud,
The Warrior's Delight Is Slaughter and Blood;
His Foes overturning, 'Till all shall expire:
But this is with Burning, And Fuel of Fire.

6 Yet GOD is above Men, Devils, and Sin,
My JESUS's Love The Battle shall win;
So terribly glorious His Coming shall be,
His Love all-victorious Shall conquer for me.

7 He all shall break thro', His Truth and his Grace
Shall bring me into The plentiful Place;
Thro' much Tribulation, Thro' Water and Fire,
Thro' Floods of Temptation, And Flames of Desire.

8 On JESUS, my Power, 'Till then I rely,
All Evil before His Presence shall fly,
When I have my Saviour, My Sin shall depart,
And JESUS for ever Shall reign in my Heart.

HYMN LV.

Recovery after a Relapse.

1 MY GOD, my GOD, to Thee I cry,
Thee only would I know:
Thy purifying Blood apply,
And wash me white as Snow.

2 Touch me, and make the Leper clean,
Purge mine Iniquity:
Unleſs Thou waſh my Soul from Sin,
I have no Part with Thee.

3 Behold, for me the Victim bleeds,
His Wounds are open'd wide:
For me the Blood of Sprinkling pleads,
And ſpeaks me juſtified.

4 Thy Wrath is in a Moment o'er,
And pard'ning Love takes Place:
Aſſiſt me, Saviour, to adore
The Riches of thy Grace.

5 O could I loſe myſelf in Thee,
Thy Depth of Mercy prove,
Thou vaſt unfathomable Sea,
Of unexhauſted Love!

6 My humbled Soul, when Thou art near,
In Duſt and Aſhes lies:
How ſhall a ſinful Worm appear,
Or meet thy purer Eyes?

7 I loath myſelf, when GOD I ſee,
And into Nothing fall,
Content, if Thou exalted be,
And CHRIST is all in all.

HYMN LVI.

In Doubt.

1 MY GOD, I humbly call Thee mine,
And will not quit my Claim,
'Till all I have be loſt in Thine,
And all renew'd I am.

2 I hold Thee with a trembling Hand,
But will not let Thee go,
'Till ſtedfaſtly by Faith I ſtand,
And all thy Goodneſs know.

3 When ſhall I ſee the welcome Hour,
That plants my GOD in me,
Spirit of Health, and Life and Power,
And perfect Liberty.

4 JESU, thine all-victorious Love
Shed in my Heart abroad:
Then ſhall my Feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fix'd in GOD.

5 Love only can the Conqueſt win,
The Strength of Sin ſubdue;
(Mine own unconquerable Sin)
And form my Soul anew.

6 Love can bow down the ſtubborn Neck,
The Stone to Fleſh convert,
Soften, and melt, and pierce, and break,
An adamantine Heart.

7 O that in me the ſacred Fire
Might now begin to glow!
Burn up the Droſs of baſe Deſire,
And make the Mountains flow!

8 O that it now from Heaven might fall,
And all my Sins conſume!
Come, Holy Ghoſt, for Thee I call,
Spirit of Burning, come!

9 Refining Fire, go thro' my Heart,
Illuminate my Soul,
Scatter thy Life thro' every Part,
And ſanctify the Whole.

10 Sorrow and Sin ſhall then expire,
While enter'd into Reſt,
I only live my GOD t' admire,
My GOD for ever bleſt.

11 No longer then my Heart ſhall mourn,
While purified by Grace,
I only for his Glory burn,
And always ſee his Face.

12 My ſtedfaſt Soul from falling free,
Can now no longer move,
While CHRIST is all the World to me,
And all my Heart is Love.

HYMN LVII.

A PRAYER *for reſtoring Grace.*

1 JESU, Friend of Sinners, hear,
Yet once again I pray,
From my Debt of Sin ſet clear,
For I have Nought to pay:
Speak, O ſpeak the kind Releaſe,
A poor backſliding Soul reſtore:
Love me freely, ſeal my Peace,
And bid me ſin no more.

2 Tho' my Sins as Mountains riſe,
And ſwell and reach to Heaven,
Mercy is above the Skies,
I may be ſtill forgiven:
Infinite my Sins increaſe,
But greater is thy Mercy's Store:
Love me freely, ſeal my Peace,
And bid me ſin no more.

3 Sin's Deceitfulneſs hath ſpread
An Hardneſs o'er my Heart,
But if Thou thy Spirit ſhed,
The Stony ſhall depart:
Shed thy Love, thy Tenderneſs,
And let me feel the ſoft'ning Power,
Love me freely, ſeal my Peace,
And bid me ſin no more.

4 From th'oppreſſive Power of Sin
My ſtruggling Spirit free,
Perfect Righteouſneſs bring in,
Unſpotted Purity:

Speak, and all this War ſhall ceaſe,
And Sin ſhall give its Raging o'er:
Love me freely, ſeal my Peace,
And bid me ſin no more.

5 For this only Thing I pray,
And this I will require,
Take the Power of Sin away,
Fill me with chaſte Deſire:
Perfect me in Holineſs,
Thine Image to my Soul reſtore,
Love me freely, ſeal my Peace,
And bid me ſin no more.

HYMN LVIII.

After a Recovery.

1 SON of God, if thy free Grace
Again hath rais'd me up,
Call'd me ſtill to ſeek thy Face,
And giv'n me back my Hope;
Still thy timely Help afford,
And all thy Loving-kindneſs ſhew;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

2 By me, O my Saviour, ſtand
In ſore Temptation's Hour,
Save me with thine outſtretch'd Hand,
And ſhew forth all thy Power:
O be mindful of thy Word,
Thine all-ſufficient Grace beſtow;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

3 Give me, Lord, an holy Fear,
And fix it in my Heart,
That I may from all Evil near
With ſpeedy Care depart

Sin be more than Hell abhorr'd,
'Till Thou deſtroy the Tyrant Foe:
Keep me, keep me, gracious LORD,
And never let me go.

4 Never let me leave thy Breaſt,
From Thee, my Saviour ſtray:
Thou art my Support and Reſt,
My true and living Way,
My exceeding great Reward,
In Heaven above and Earth below:
Keep me, keep me, gracious LORD,
And never let me go.

5 Never let me go, 'till I,
Upborn on Wings of Love,
Gain the Regions of the Sky,
And take my Seat above:
See Thee by all Heaven ador'd,
And all thy glorious Fulneſs know:
Keep me, keep me, gracious LORD,
And never let me go.

HYMN LIX.

In Danger.

1 O Almighty GOD of Love,
Thine holy Arm diſplay;
Send me Succour from above
In this my evil Day:
Arm my Weakneſs with thy Power,
Woman's Seed, appear within,
Be my Safeguard, and my Tower,
Againſt the Face of Sin.

2 Could I of thy Strength take hold,
And always feel Thee near,
Stedfaſtly, divinely bold,
My Soul would ſcorn to fear:

Nothing ſhould my Firmneſs ſhock,
Tho' the Gates of Hell aſſail,
Were I built upon the Rock,
They never could prevail.

3 Rock of my Salvation, haſte,
Extend thy ample Shade,
Let it over me be caſt,
And ſkreen my naked Head:
Save me from the trying Hour,
Thou my ſure Protection be,
Shelter me from *Satan*'s Power,
'Till I am fix'd on Thee.

4 Set upon Thyſelf my Feet,
And make me ſurely ſtand,
From Temptation's Rage and Heat
Cover me with thine Hand:
Let me in the Cleft be plac'd,
Never from my Fence remove,
In thine Arms of Love embrac'd,
Of everlaſting Love.

HYMN LX.

A PRAYER *for confirming Grace.*

1 IF now I have Acceptance found
With Thee, or Favour in thy Sight,
With thy Omnipotence ſurround,
And arm me with thy Spirit's Might.

2 O may I hear his warning Voice,
And timely fly from Danger near,
With Reverence unto Thee rejoice,
And love Thee with a filial Fear.

3 Still hold my Soul in ſecond Life,
And ſuffer not my Feet to ſlide:
Support me in the glorious Strife,
And comfort me on every Side.

4 O give me Faith, and Faith's Increaſe,
Finiſh the Work begun in me,
Preſerve my Soul in perfect Peace,
That ſtays, and waits, and hangs on Thee.

5 O let thy gracious Spirit guide
And bring me to the promis'd Land,
Where Righteouſneſs and Peace reſide,
And all ſubmit to Love's Command.

6 A Land where Milk and Honey flow,
And Springs of pure Delights ariſe,
Delights, which I ſhall ſhortly know,
I ſhall regain my Paradiſe.

7 I ſee it now from *Piſgah*'s Top,
Pleaſant, and beautiful, and good,
In all the Confidence of Hope
I claim the Purchaſe of thy Blood.

8 Of Righteouſneſs divine poſſeſt,
O let me graſp the Prize ſo nigh:
Enter into the promis'd Reſt,
Enjoy thy perfect Love, and die.

HYMN LXI.

Watch in all Things.

1 JESU, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
On whom I caſt my every Care,
On whom for all Things I depend,
Inſpire, and then accept my Prayer.

2 If I have taſted of thy Grace,
The Grace that ſure Salvation brings;
If with me now thy Spirit ſtays,
And hovering hides me in his Wings.

3 Still let Him with my Weakneſs ſtay,
Nor for a Moment's Space depart;
Evil and Danger turn away,
And keep, 'till He renews, my Heart,

4 When to the Right or Left I ſtray,
His Voice behind me may I hear,
"Return, and walk in CHRIST thy Way,
"Fly back to CHRIST, for Sin is near."

5 His ſacred Unction from above
Be ſtill my Comforter and Guide,
'Till all the Stony He remove,
And in my loving Heart reſide.

6 JESU, I fain would walk in Thee,
From Nature's every Path retreat;
Thou art my Way, my Leader be,
And ſet upon the Rock my Feet.

7 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall,
O reach me out thy gracious Hand,
Only on Thee for Help I call,
Only by Faith in Thee I ſtand.

Part the Second.

8 PIERCE, fill me with an humble Fear,
My utter Helpleſneſs reveal,
Satan and Sin are always near,
Thee may I always nearer feel.

9 O that to Thee my conſtant Mind
Might with an even Flame aſpire!
Pride in its earlieſt Motions find,
And mark the Riſings of Deſire.

10 O that my tender Soul might fly
The firſt abhorr'd Approach of Ill;
Quick, as the Apple of an Eye,
The ſlighteſt Touch of Sin to feel.

11 'Till Thou anew my Soul create,
Still may I ſtrive, and watch, and pray,
Humbly and confidently wait,
And long to ſee thy perfect Day.

12 My whole Regard ſtill may I place
On the faint Ray of opening Light,
(The ſure prophetic Word of Grace)
That glimmers thro' my Nature's Night.

13 Here let my Soul's ſure Anchor be,
Here let me fix my wiſhful Eyes,
And wait, 'till I exult to ſee
The Day-Star in my Heart t' ariſe.

14 JESU, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
As I believe, ſo let it be
O make me patient to the End,
And then reveal Thyſelf in me.

HYMN LXII.

And a Man ſhall be as an Hiding-place, &c.
ISAIAH XXXii. 2.

1 TO the Haven of thy Breaſt,
O Son of Man, I fly;
Be my Refuge, and my Reſt,
For O the Storm is high:
Save me from the furious Blaſt,
A Covert from the Tempeſt be:
Hide me, JESUS, 'till o'erpaſt
The Storm of Sin I ſee.

2 Welcome as the Water-ſpring
To a dry, barren Place,
O deſcend on me, and bring
Thy ſweet refreſhing Grace:
O'er a parch'd and weary Land
As a great Rock extends its Shade,
Hide me, Saviour, with thy Hand,
And ſkreen my naked Head.

3 In the Time of my Diſtreſs
Thou haſt my Succour been,
In my utter Helpleſneſs
Reſtraining me from Sin:

O how ſwiftly didſt Thou move
To ſave me in the trying Hour!
Still protect me with thy Love,
And ſhield me with thy Power.

4 Firſt and Laſt, in me perform
The Work Thou haſt begun;
Be my ſhelter from the Storm,
My Shadow from the Sun:
Sprinkle ſtill the Mercy-ſeat,
And bring thy Father's Anger down,
Skreen me JESU, from the Heat
And Terror of his Frown.

5 Let thy Merit, as a Cloud,
Still interpoſe between;
Plead th' Atonement of thy Blood,
'Till I am cleans'd from Sin:
Weary, parch'd with Thirſt, and faint,
'Till Thou th' abiding Spirit breathe,
Every Moment, LORD, I want
The Merit of thy Death.

6 Never ſhall I want it leſs,
When Thou the Gift haſt given,
Fill'd me with thy Righteouſneſs,
And ſeal'd the Heir of Heaven;
I ſhall hang upon my GOD,
'Till I thy perfect Glory ſee,
'Till the Sprinkling of thy Blood
Hath ſpoke me up to Thee.

HYMN LXIII.

A poor Sinner.

1 JESU, my Strength, my Hope,
On Thee I caſt my Care;
With humble Confidence look up,
And know Thou hear'ſt my Prayer.

Give me on Thee to wait,
'Till I can all Things do;
On Thee, Almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I reſt upon thy Word,
The Promiſe is for me;
My Succour and Salvation, LORD,
Shall ſurely come from Thee:
But let me ſtill abide,
Nor from my Hope remove,
'Till Thou my patient Spirit guide
Into thy perfect Love.

3 I want a ſober Mind,
A ſelf-renouncing Will,
That tramples down and caſts behind
The Baits of pleaſing Ill:
A Soul innur'd to Pain,
To Hardſhip, Grief, and Loſs,
Bold to take up, firm to ſuſtain,
The conſecrated Croſs.

4 I want a godly Fear,
A quick diſcerning Eye,
That looks to Thee, when Sin is near,
And ſees the Tempter fly;
A Spirit ſtill prepar'd,
And arm'd with jealous Care,
For ever ſtanding on its Guard,
And watching unto Prayer.

Part the Second.

5 I Want an Heart to pray,
To pray, and never ceaſe;
Never to murmur at thy Stay,
Or wiſh my Suff'rings leſs:
This Bleſſing above all,
Always to pray I want,
Out of the Deep on Thee to call,
And never, never faint.

6 I want a true Regard,
A ſingle, ſteady Aim,
(Unmov'd by Threatning or Reward)
To Thee, and thy great Name;
A jealous, juſt Concern
For thine immortal Praiſe,
A pure Deſire that all may learn,
And glorify thy Grace.

7 I want, with all my Heart
Thy Pleaſure to fulfil:
To know myſelf, and what Thou art,
And what thy perfect Will:
I want I know not what,
I want my Wants to ſee;
I want—alas! what want I not,
When Thou art not in me!

HYMN LXIV.

Thankſgiving for preſerving Grace.

1 LORD, and am I yet alive?
Not in Torments, not in Hell?
Still doth thy Good Spirit ſtrive?
With the chief of Sinners dwell?
Yes, I ſtill lift up my Eyes,
Will not of thy Love deſpair,
Still in ſpite of Sin I riſe,
Still to call Thee mine I dare.

2 O the Length and Breadth of Love!
JESU, Saviour, can it be?
All thy Mercy's Height I prove,
All the Depth is ſeen in me,
O the Miracle of Grace!
Tell it out, to Sinners tell!
Men, and Fiends, and Angels gaze,
I am, I am out of Hell!

3 Turn aside, a Sight t' admire,
I the living Wonder am!
See a Buſh that burns with Fire,
Unconſum'd amidſt the Flame!
See a Stone that hangs in Air!
See a Spark in Oceans dwell!
Kept alive with Death ſo near,
I am, I am out of Hell!

HYMN LXV.

Deſiring to Love.

1 COME, LORD, and help me to rejoice,
In Hope that I ſhall hear thy Voice,
Shall one Day ſee my GOD;
Shall ceaſe from all my Sin and Strife,
Handle, and taſte the Word of Life,
And feel the ſprinkled Blood.

2 I ſhall not always make my Moan,
Nor worſhip Thee a GOD unknown,
But I ſhall live to prove
Thy People's Reſt, thy Saints Delight,
The Length, and Breadth, and Depth, and Height,
Of thy redeeming Love.

3 Rejoicing now, in earneſt Hope,
I ſtand, and from the Mountain Top
See all the Land below:
Rivers of Milk and Honey riſe,
And all the Fruits of Paradiſe,
In endleſs Plenty grow.

4 A Land of Corn, and Wine, and Oil,
Favour'd with GOD's peculiar Smile,
With every Bleſſing bleſt:
There dwells the LORD our Righteouſneſs,
And keeps his own in perfect Peace,
And everlaſting Reſt.

5 O that I might at once go up,
No more on this Side *Jordan* ſtop,
But now the Land poſſeſs,
This Moment end my legal Years,
Sorrows, and Sins, and Doubts, and Fears,
An howling Wilderneſs!

6 Now, O my *Joſhua*, bring me in,
Caſt out thy Foes, the in-bred Sin,
The carnal Mind remove,
The Purchaſe of thy Death divide,
And O with all the Sanctified
Give me a Lot of Love.

HYMN LXVI.

Fight the good Fight of Faith.

1 JESU, my King, to Thee I bow,
Inliſted under thy Command,
Captain of my Salvation Thou,
Shalt lead me to the promis'd Land.

2 Thou haſt a great Deliverance wrought,
The Staff from off my Shoulder broke,
Out of the Houſe of Bondage brought,
And freed me from the *Egyptian* Yoke.

3 Thine out-ſtretch'd Arm was bar'd for me,
For me by Earth and Hell purſu'd:
Thine out-ſtretch'd Arm thro' the *Red Sea*,
Brought, and baptiz'd me in thy Blood.

4 O'er the vaſt howling Wilderneſs,
To *Canaan*'s Bounds Thou haſt me led,
Thou bid'ſt me now the Land poſſeſs,
And on thy Milk and Honey feed.

5 I ſee an open Door of Hope,
(Legions of Sins in vain oppoſe)
Bold I with Thee, my Head, march up,
And triumph o'er a World of Foes.

6 Gigantic Luſts come forth to fight,
I mark, diſdain, and all break thro',
I tread them down in JESUS's Might,
Thro' JESUS I can all Things do.

7 Lo the tall Sons of *Anak* riſe!
Who can the Sons of *Anak* meet?
Captain, to Thee I lift mine Eyes,
And lo they fall beneath my Feet!

8 Paſſion, and Appetite, and Pride,
(Pride, my old, dreadful Tyrant Foe)
I ſee caſt down on every Side,
And conqu'ring them, to conquer go.

9 My LORD in my Behalf appears:
Captain, thy Strength-inſpiring Eye
Scatters my Doubts, diſpels my Fears,
And makes the Hoſts of Aliens fly.

10 Who can before my Captain ſtand?
Who is ſo great a King as mine?
High over all is thy Right-hand,
And Might and Majeſty are Thine.

Part the Second.

11 JESU, my Soul takes hold on Thee,
I arm me with thy Spirit's Might,
Humbly aſſur'd of Victory,
I underneath thy Banner fight.

12 Thy Spirit lifts the Standard up,
When as a Flood the Foe comes in,
I ſee the Croſs, hold faſt my Hope,
Believe, and more than conquer Sin.

13 With holy Indignation fill'd,
When by the Prince of Hell withſtood,
Firm I reſiſt, I graſp my Shield,
And quench his fiery Darts with Blood.

14 Single a thouſand Foes I chace,
I turn, and blaſt them with my Eyes:
Trembles the World before my Face,
Their God with all his Legions flies.

15 Having done all, by Faith I ſtand,
And give the Praiſe, O LORD, to Thee,
Thine holy Arm, thine own Right-hand,
Hath got Thyſelf the Victory.

16 Wherefore to Thee my Soul I raiſe,
My Soul in Thee ſecurely boaſts,
Exults and glories in thy Praiſe,
And triumphs in the LORD of Hoſts.

17 Wiſdom, and Power, and Strength, and Might,
Thou, LORD, art worthy to receive,
Honour and Riches are thy Right,
And Bleſſings more than Earth can give.

18 Help us to praiſe our glorious King,
Ye Church of the Firſt-born above,
Let Angels and Archangels ſing
The Triumphs of all-conqu'ring Love.

19 Let Earth, and all her Fulneſs ſtill
Rejoice his Greatneſs to proclaim;
And everlaſting Praiſes fill
The Heaven of Heavens with JESU's Name.

HYMN LXVII.

Look unto Me and be ſaved, all ye Ends of the Earth. ISAIAH xlv. 22.

1 SINNERS, your Saviour ſee,
O look ye unto Me!
Lift your Eyes, ye fallen Race,
I the gracious GOD and true,
I am full of Truth and Grace,
Full of Truth and Grace for you.

2 Look, and be ſav'd from Sin;
Believe, and be ye clean!
Guilty, lab'ring Souls, draw nigh,
See the Fountain open'd wide,
To the Wounds of JESUS fly,
Bathe ye in my bleeding Side.

3 Ah! dear redeeming LORD,
We take Thee at thy Word:
Lo! to Thee we ever look,
Freely ſav'd by Grace alone:
Thou our Sins and Curſe haſt took,
Thou for us didſt once atone.

4 We now the Writing ſee,
Nail'd to the Croſs with Thee:
With thy mingled Body torn,
Blotted out by Blood divine,
Far away the Bond is borne,
Thou art ours, and we are Thine.

5 On Thee we fix our Eyes,
And wait for freſh Supplies:
Juſtified, we aſk for more,
Give, th' abiding Witneſs give;
LORD, thine Image here reſtore,
Fully in thy Members live.

Part the Second.

6 AUTHOR of Faith, appear,
Be Thou its Finiſher:
Upward ſtill for this we gaze,
'Till we feel the Stamp divine;
Thee behold with open Face,
Bright in all thy Glory ſhine.

7 Leave not thy Work undone,
But ever love Thine own:

Let us all thy Goodneſs prove,
Let us to the End believe,
Shew thine everlaſting Love,
Save us to the utmoſt, ſave.

8 O that our Life might be,
One Looking up to Thee!
Ever haſtening to the Day
When our Eyes ſhall ſee Thee near,
Come, Redeemer, come away,
Glorious in thy Saints appear.

9 JESU, the Heavens bow,
We long to meet Thee now!
Now in Majeſty come down,
Pity thine Elect, and come;
Hear in us thy Spirit groan,
Take the weary Exiles Home.

10 Now let thy Face be ſeen
Without a Veil between:
Come, and change our Faith to Sight,
Swallow up Mortality,
Plunge us in a Sea of Light:
CHRIST be all in all to me.

HYMN LXVIII.

The Believer's Triumph.

1 JESU, thy Blood and Righteouſneſs
My Beauty are, my glorious Dreſs;
'Midſt flaming Worlds in theſe array'd,
With Joy ſhall I lift up my Head:

2 Bold ſhall I ſtand in thy great Day,
For who ought to my Charge ſhall lay?
Fully abſolv'd thro' theſe I am,
From Sin and Fear, from Guilt and Shame,

3 The deadly Writing now I ſee,
Nail'd with thy Body to the Tree;
Torn with the Nails that pierc'd thy Hands,
Th'old Covenant no longer ſtands.

4 Tho' ſign'd, and written with my Blood,
As Hell's Foundations ſure it ſtood,
Thine hath waſh'd out the Crimſon Stains,
And white as Snow my Soul remains.

5 *Satan*, thy due Reward ſurvey,
The LORD of Life why didſt thou ſlay?
To tear the Prey out of thy Teeth,
To ſpoil the Realms of Hell and Death.

6 The holy, meek, unſpotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's Boſom came,
Who died for me, ev'n me, t' atone,
Now for my LORD, and GOD I own.

7 LORD, I believe thy precious Blood,
Which at the Mercy-ſeat of GOD,
For ever doth for Sinners plead,
For me, ev'n for my Soul, was ſhed.

8 Yet Nought whereof to boaſt I have,
All, all thy Mercy freely gave;
No Works, no Righteouſneſs, are mine,
All is thy Work, and only Thine.

Part the Second.

9 WHEN from the Duſt of Death I riſe,
To claim my Manſion in the Skies,
Ev'n then this ſhall be all my Plea,
JESUS hath liv'd, hath died for me.

10 Thus *Abraham*, the Friend of GOD,
Thus all Heaven's Armies bought with Blood,
Saviour of Sinners, Thee proclaim,
Sinners, of whom the Chief I am.

11 Naked from *Satan* did I flee,
To Thee, my LORD, and put on Thee:
And thus adorn'd I wait the Word,
"He comes! ariſe, and meet thy LORD!"

12 Then ſhall Heaven's Hoſts with loud Acclaim,
Give Praiſe and Glory to the Lamb,
Who bore our Sins, and by his Blood
Hath made us Kings and Prieſts to GOD.

13 JESU, be endleſs Praiſe to Thee,
Whoſe boundleſs Mercy hath for me,
For me a full Atonement made,
An everlaſting Ranſom paid.

14 Ah! give to all thy Servants, LORD,
With Power to ſpeak thy quick'ning Word,
That all, who to thy Wounds will flee,
May find eternal Life in Thee.

15 Thou GOD of Might, Thou GOD of Love,
Let the whole World thy Mercy prove,
Now let thy Word o'er all prevail,
Now take the Spoils of Death and Hell.

16 O let the Dead now hear thy Voice,
Now bid thy baniſh'd ones rejoice,
Their Beauty this, their glorious Dreſs,
JESU, thy Blood and Righteouſneſs!

HYMN LXIX.

Who gave Himſelf for us, that He might redeem us from ALL *Iniquity.* Tit. ii. 14.

1 JESU, Redeemer of Mankind,
How little art Thou known
By Sinners of a Carnal Mind,
Who claim Thee for their own;

2 Who blaſphemouſly call Thee LORD
With Lips and Hearts unclean,
But make Thee, while they ſlight thy Word,
The Miniſter of Sin:

3 Who madly plead for Sin's Remains;
While full of flaviſh Fears,
They *fancy* Thou haſt purg'd their Stains,
And falſly call'd Thee Theirs.

4 O wretched Man, who dares divide
The Pardon, and the Peace!
In vain for Thee the Saviour died,
Unleſs He ſeal Thee His.

5 O wretched Man, from Guilt to dream
Thy harden'd Conſcience freed!
When JESU doth a Soul redeem,
He makes it free indeed.

6 The Guilt and Power with all thy Art
Can never be disjoin'd,
Nor will GOD bid the Guilt depart,
And leave the Power behind.

7 Faith, when it comes, breaks every Chain,
And makes us truly free,
But CHRIST hath died for Thee in vain,
Unleſs He lives in Thee.

8 What is Redemption in his Blood,
But Liberty within?
A Liberty to ſerve my GOD,
And to eſchew my Sin.

9 What is our Calling's Glorious Hope,
But inward Holineſs?
For This to JESUS I look up,
I calmly wait for This.

10 Be it according to thy Word,
Redeem me from all Sin,
My Heart would now receive Thee, LORD:
Come in, my LORD, come in!

HYMN LXX.

Rejoicing in Hope.

1 YE happy Sinners hear
The Priſoners of the LORD,
And wait 'till CHRIST appear,
According to his Word:
Rejoice in Hope, rejoice with me,
We ſhall from all our Sins be free.

2 The LORD our Righteouſneſs
We have long ſince receiv'd,
Salvation nearer is
Than when we firſt believ'd:
Rejoice in Hope, rejoice with me,
We ſhall from all our Sins be free.

3 In GOD we put our Truſt;
If we our Sins confeſs,
Faithful He is, and juſt,
From all Unrighteouſneſs
To cleanſe us all, both you and me:
We ſhall from all our Sins be free.

4 Surely in us the Hope
Of Glory ſhall appear;
Sinners, your Heads lift up,
And ſee Redemption near:
Again I ſay, rejoice with me,
We ſhall from all our Sins be free.

5 Who JESU's Sufferings ſhare,
My Fellow-Priſoners now,
Ye ſoon the Wreath ſhall wear
On your triumphant Brow:
Rejoice in Hope, rejoice with me,
We ſhall from all our Sins be free.

6 Then let us gladly bring
Our Sacrifice of Praiſe,
Let us give Thanks, and ſing,
And glory in his Grace;
Rejoice in Hope, rejoice with me,
We ſhall from all our Sins be free.

HYMN LXXI.

ISAIAH, *Chap.* xii.

1 HAPPY Soul, who ſees the Day,
The glad Day of Goſpel-Grace!
Thee, my LORD, (thou then ſhalt ſay)
Thee will I for ever praiſe.

2 Tho' thy Wrath againſt me burn'd,
Thou doſt comfort me again:
All thy Wrath aſide is turn'd,
Thou haſt blotted out my Sin.

3 Me behold! thy Mercy ſpares!
JESUS my Salvation is:
Hence my Doubts, away my Fears!
JESUS is become my Peace.

4 JAH, JEHOVAH, is my LORD,
Ever merciful and juſt:
I will lean upon his Word,
I will on his Promiſe truſt.

5 Strong I am, for He is ſtrong,
Juſt in Righteouſneſs divine:
He is my triumphal Song,
All He has and is, is mine.

6 Therefore ſhall ye draw with Joy
Water from Salvation's Well,
Praiſe ſhall your glad Tongues employ,
While his ſtreaming Grace ye feel.

7 Each to each, ye then ſhall ſay,
Sinners, call upon his Name,
O rejoice to ſee his Day,
See it, and his Praiſe proclaim.

8 Glory to his Name belongs,
Great, and wonderful, and high:
Sing unto the LORD your Songs,
Cry, to every Nation, cry.

9 Wondrous Things the LORD hath done,
Excellent his Name we find;
This to all Mankind is known;
Be it known to all Mankind.

10 *Sion*, ſhout thy LORD and King,
Iſrael's Holy One is He!
Give Him Thanks, rejoice, and ſing,
Great He is, and dwells in Thee.

11 O the Grace unſearchable!
While eternal Ages roll,
GOD delights in Man to dwell,
Soul of each believing Soul!

HYMN LXXII.

He that believeth, ſhall not make haſte.

1 WITNESS divine, the juſt, and true,
JESUS, to us this Promiſe ſeal,
Our Haſte of Unbelief ſubdue,
And bid our fluttering Heart be ſtill,

2 That Power which ſtopp'd the mid-day Sun,
Turn'd back the Tide, and chain'd the Sea,
Be in our rapid Spirits ſhewn,
And make us truly wait on Thee.

3 Arreſt our Nature's headlong Courſe,
(We would be poor deſpis'd, forlorn)
Baffle our Skill, unnerve our Force,
Our carnal Confidence o'erturn.

4 Great Helper of the Friendleſs Thou,
Thou Strengthener of the feeble Knees,
O let our Souls before Thee bow,
And ſink into a ſweet Diſtreſs.

5 We Cannot ſee without thy Light,
Without thy Light we *would* not ſee:
We have no Wiſdom, Help, or Might,
But, LORD, our Eyes are unto Thee.

6 O let us not preſume to take
The Matter out of thy great Hand;
Who can the Rock of Ages ſhake?
The Sure Foundation ſtill ſhall ſtand.

7 Let others ruſh with trembling Haſte,
With eager Wrath thy Cauſe defend,
Our Soul is on thy Promiſe caſt,
And lo! we calmly wait the End.

8 Tho' we our Hands do not lift up,
The tott'ring Ark ſhall never fall,
It never ſhall to *Dagon* ſtoop:
Thy Kingdom ruleth over all.

9 Stedfaſt our Anchor is, and ſure,
It enters now within the Veil;
Thy Church, immovably ſecure,
Defies the Powers of Earth and Hell.

Part the Second.

10 COME, O Thou greater than our Heart,
And make thy faithful Mercies known;
The Mind which was in Thee impart,
Thy conſtant Mind in us be ſhewn.

11 From Anger ſet our Spirits free;
It worketh not thy Righteouſneſs:
In Patience let us wait on Thee,
And quietly our Souls poſſeſs.

12 JESU, to whoſe ſupreme Command,
All Things in Heaven, Earth, Hell ſubmit:
Upon us lay thy mighty Hand,
And Self ſhall ſink beneath thy Feet.

13 O let us by thy Croſs abide,
Thee, only Thee reſolv'd to know,
The Lamb for Sinners crucified,
A World to ſave from endleſs Woe.

14 Take us into thy People's Reſt,
And we from our own Works ſhall ceaſe;
With thy meek Spirit arm our Breaſt,
And keep our Minds in perfect Peace.

15 Lift up, and fix our ſtedfaſt Eye,
On Thee the Fathers fav'rite Son,
Thee our great King, gone up on high,
Firm on thine everlaſting Throne.

16 Tho' Earth and Hell thy Rule oppoſe,
The LORD is King, MESSIAH reigns!
'Till *Satan*, Sin and all thy Foes,
And Death the laſt of all be ſlain.

17 JESU, for this we calmly wait,
O Let our Eyes behold Thee near!
Haſten to make our Heaven compleat,
Appear, our glorious GOD, appear!

Part the Third.

18 UNchangeable, Almighty LORD,
Our Souls upon thy Truth we ſtay,
Accompliſh now thy faithful Word,
And give, O give us all one Way.

19 O let us all join Hand in Hand,
Who ſeek Redemption in thy Blood,
Faſt in one Mind and Spirit ſtand,
And build the Temple of our GOD.

20 Thou only canſt our Wills controul,
Our wild unruly Paſſions bind,
Tame the old *Adam* in our Soul,
And make us of one Heart and Mind.

21 Speak but the reconciling Word,
The Winds ſhall ceaſe, the Waves ſubſide,
We all ſhall praiſe our common LORD,
Our JESUS, and Him crucified.

22 Giver of Peace and Unity,
Send down thy mild, pacific Dove;
We all ſhall then in one agree,
And breathe the Spirit of thy Love.

23 We all ſhall think and ſpeak the ſame
Delightful Leſſon of thy Grace;
One undivided CHRIST proclaim,
And jointly glory in thy Praiſe.

24 O let us take a ſofter Mould,
Blended and gather'd into Thee,
Under one Sheperd make one Fold,
When all is Love and Harmony.

25 Regard thine own eternal Prayer,
And ſend a peaceful Anſwer down;
To us thy Father's Name declare,
Unite, and perfect us in one.

26 So ſhall the World believe and know
That GOD hath ſent Thee from above,
When Thou art ſeen in us below,
And every Soul diſplays thy Love.

Part the Fourth.

27 THE LORD is King, and Earth ſubmits,
Howe'er impatient, to his Sway,
Between the Cherubim He ſits,
And makes his reſtleſs Foes obey.

28 All Power is to our JESUS given,
O'er Earth's rebellious Sons He reigns;
He mildly rules the Hoſts of Heaven,
And holds the Powers of Hell in Chains.

29 In vain doth *Satan* rage his Hour,
Beyond his Chain he cannot go;
Our JESUS ſhall ſtir up his Power,
And ſoon avenge us of our Foe.

30 JESUS ſhall his great Arm reveal,
JESUS, the Woman's conqu'ring Seed;
Tho' now the Serpent bruiſe his Heel,
JESUS ſhall break the Serpent's Head.

31 The Enemy his Tares hath ſown,
But CHRIST ſhall ſhortly root them up,
Shall caſt the dire Accuſer down,
And diſappoint his Children's Hope;

32 Shall ſtill the proud *Philiſtine*'s Noiſe,
Battle the Sons of Unbelief,
Nor long permit them to rejoice,
But turn their Triumph into Grief.

33 Come, glorious LORD, the Rebels ſpurn,
Scatter thy Foes, victorious King,
And *Gath* and *Aſkelon* ſhall mourn,
And all the Sons of GOD ſhall ſing;

34 Shall magnify the ſovereign Grace
Of Him that ſits upon the Throne,
And Earth and Heav'n conſpire to praiſe
JEHOVAH, and his conqu'ring Son.

HYMN LXXIII.

REV. ii. 1, &c. *Unto the Angel of the Church of* Epheſus.

1 O Thou who doſt the Churches bear,
The Stars in thy Right-hand uphold,
Who walkeſt now with jealous Care
Amidſt the Candleſticks of Gold:

2 Poor guilty abject Worms, to Thee
In our declining State we call,
See thy degenerate People, ſee
Nor let our tottering *Sion* fall.

3 Our Works of Faith Thou once didſt know,
Our patient Hope, and lab'ring Love;
We would not bear thy *Romiſh* Foe,
We dar'd that Antichriſt reprove.

4 We tried him by the written Word,
Thro' all his Snares and Fetters broke,
As *Satan*'s *Succeſſor* abhor'd,
And caſt away his Iron Yoke.

5 Him, and his God, and Sin, and Death,
We more than conquer'd thro' thy Name:
The Witneſſes reſign'd their Breath,
And clap'd their Hands amidſt the Flame.

6 For their dear ſuffering Saviour's Sake,
Immoveable the Champions ſtood,
Nor fainted at the Rack or Stake,
But water'd all the Church with Blood.

7 Yet, O how quickly, LORD, haſt Thou,
Whereof thy People to reprove!
Fallen, alas! Thou ſeeſt us now,
We now have left our former Love.

8 Our Wine with Water mix'd, our Gold
Is dim, our ſhipwreck'd Faith is dead;
No more our Tokens we behold,
Our Martyrs all to Heaven are fled.

9 O could we call to Mind the Grace,
The glorious Grace from which we fell;
Live o'er again the antient Days,
And do the Works Thou lov'ſt ſo well.

10 O that we might thro' Thee repent,
And timely turn to Thee and live!
So ſhould thy Grace our Doom prevent,
Thou wouldſt abundantly forgive.

11 Before Thou doſt in Vengeance come,
Our Candleſtick far off remove,
And fix th' unalterable Doom,
O let us weep, believe, and love.

12 Call on us, by thy Spirit call,
Yet once again our Church reſtore,
Shew us thy Grace is over all,
And lift us up to fall no more.

HYMN LXXIV.

REV. iii 1, 2, &c. *To the Angel of the Church in* Sardis.

1 O Thou, whoſe Eyes run to and fro,
Thro' Earth, and every Creature ſee,
What is it which Thou doſt not know?
All Things are manifeſt to Thee.

2 Thou haſt the Spirits, ſeven and one,
Thou haſt the Stars in thy Right-hand,
And all our Works to Thee are known:
How ſhall we in thy Judgment ſtand?

3 Thou know'ſt we take thy Name in vain,
While dead in Treſpaſſes we live,
Thee for our LORD we falſly claim,
While to the World our Hearts we give.

4 A powerleſs Form, a lifeleſs Sound,
Our Works as Vanity are light;
Wanting alas! they all are found,
And worſe than Nothing in thy Sight.

5 O that we now might turn again,
And cheriſh the laſt Spark of Grace,
Strengthen the Things that yet remain,
And call to mind the antient Days.

6 Surely we did thy Faith receive,
We heard with Joy the Goſpel-Word:
O let us now repent and live,
And watch to apprehend our LORD.

7 Stir ourſelves up, renounce our Eaſe,
Before thy ſudden Judgments come,
And watch, and pray, and never ceaſe,
'Till Thou repeal our threatning Doom.

HYMN LXXV.

REV. iii. 14, &c. *Unto the Angel of the Church of the* Laodiceans.

1 AMEN to all that GOD hath ſaid,
Witneſs divine, the juſt and true,
Who waſt before the Worlds were made,
Whoſe Being no Beginning knew:

2 With guilty ſelf-condemning Fear,
With humble ſelf-abaſing Shame,
Thy Spirit's dreadful Charge we hear,
Nor dare throw off th' imputed Blame.

3 God of unſpotted Purity,
Us, and our Works, canſt Thou behold?
Juſtly we are abhorr'd by Thee?
For we are neither hot nor cold.

4 We call Thee Lord, thy Faith profeſs,
But do not from our Hearts obey,
In ſoft *Laodicean* Reſt,
We ſleep our uſeleſs Lives away.

5 We live in Pleaſures, and are dead,
In ſearch of Fame and Wealth we live,
Commanded in thy Steps to tread,
We ſometimes ſeek, but never ſtrive.

6 A lifeleſs Form we ſtill retain,
Of this we make our empty Boaſt,
Nor know the Name we take in vain,
The Power of Godlineſs is loſt.

7 The Power we daringly deny,
A fancied Good, a Madman's Dream,
The Truth itſelf we deem a Lie,
The promis'd Holy Ghost blaſpheme.

8 How long, great God, have we appear'd
Abominable in thy Sight!
Better that we had never heard
Thy Word, or ſeen the Goſpel-Light.

9 Better that we had never known
The Way to Heaven thro' ſaving Grace,
Than baſely in our Lives diſown,
And ſlight and mock Thee to thy Face.

10 Thou rather wouldſt that we were cold,
Than ſeem to ſerve Thee without Zeal,
Leſs guilty, if with thoſe of old
We worſhip'd *Thor* and *Woden* ſtill.

11 Leſs grievous will the Judgment-day
To *Sodom* and *Gomorrah* prove,
Than us, who caſt our Shield away,
And trample on thy richer Love.

Part the Second.

12 YET ſtill we glory in thy Name,
O CHRIST, as tho' we knew thy Grace,
Thee with unhallow'd Lips we claim,
A lukewarm, worſe than heathen Race.

13 We ſay, that we with Goods abound,
Are rich, and full, and need no more,
Nor know that we are wretched found
With Thee, and bare, and blind, and poor.

14 O let us our own Works forſake,
Ourſelves, and all we have deny,
Thy condeſcending Counſel take,
And come to Thee pure Gold to buy.

15 Gold, that can bear the fiery Teſt,
And make the Buyer rich indeed;
Adorn us in the milk-white Veſt,
And over us thy Mantle ſpread.

16 When this unſpotted Robe we wear,
Our Sins are cover'd all by Thee,
No longer doth our Shame appear:
Salvation in thy Light we ſee.

17 Touch'd by an Unction from above,
Our Eyes are open'd to perceive
The Myſtery of redeeming Love,
The Death by which alone we live.

18 O might we thro' thy Grace attain
The Faith Thou never wilt reprove,
The Faith that purges every Stain,
The Faith that always works by Love.

19 O might we ſee in this our Day
The Things belonging to our Peace,
And timely meet Thee in thy Way
Of Judgments, and our Sins confeſs:

20 Thy fatherly Chaſtiſements own,
With filial Awe revere the Rod,
And turn with zealous Haſte, and run
Into the outſtretch'd Arms of GOD!

Part the Third.

21 SAVIOUR of all, to Thee we bow,
And own Thee faithful to thy Word;
We hear thy Voice, and open now
Our Hearts to entertain our LORD.

22 Come in, come in, Thou heavenly Gueſt,
Delight in what Thyſelf haſt given,
On thy own Gifts and Graces feaſt,
And make the contrite Heart thy Heaven.

23 Smell the ſweet Odour of our Prayers,
Our Sacrifice of Praiſe approve,
And treaſure up our gracious Tears,
That reſt in thy redeeming Love.

24 Beneath thy Shadow let us ſit,
Call us thy Friends, and Love, and Bride,
And bid us freely drink and eat
Thy Dainties, and be ſatisfied.

25 O let us on thy Fulneſs feed,
And eat thy Fleſh, and drink thy Blood:
JESU, thy Blood is Drink indeed,
JESU, thy Fleſh is Angel's Food.

26 The heavenly Manna Faith imparts,
Faith makes thy Fulneſs all our own,
We feed upon Thee in our Hearts,
And find that Heaven and Thou art one.

27 An Heaven begun on Earth we feel,
Who conquer in the glorious Strife,
And paſs o'er Sin, and Earth, and Hell,
Triumphant to eternal Life.

28 The Fulneſs of eternal Bliſs
We ſhall from Thee receive above,
This the Reward of Conqueſt, this
The Crown of all-victorious Love.

29 Conqu'ror of Sin, and Hell, and Death,
As Thou the dreadful Fight haſt won,
And weareſt now th' immortal Wreath,
And ſitteſt on thy Father's Throne:

30 So ſhalt Thou grant to all that fight,
And conquer in thy mighty Name,
To claim the Kingdom as their Right,
Their Sufferings, and their Crown the ſame.

31 Who bore thy Croſs, ſhall wear thy Crown,
Shall triumph in thy Victory,
And in thy glorious Throne ſit down,
And reign in endleſs Bliſs with Thee.

HYMN LXXVI.

The Spirit and the Bride ſay, Come!

1 O Joyful Sound of Goſpel-Grace!
CHRIST ſhall in me appear,
I, even I, ſhall ſee his Face,
I ſhall be holy here.
This Heart ſhall be his conſtant Home,
I hear his Spirit's Cry,
Surely, He ſaith, I quickly come,
He ſaith, who cannot lie.

2 The God of Truth Himſelf hath ſworn,
On Him my Soul relies,
My Soul on Wings of Eagles borne
Shall fly, and take the Prize.
The glorious Crown of Righteouſneſs
To me reach'd out I view,
Conqu'ror thro' Him I ſoon ſhall ſeize,
And wear it as my Due.

3 The promis'd Land from *Piſgah*'s Top
I now exult to ſee,
My Hope is full, (O bleſſed Hope!)
Of Immortality:
My flutt'ring Spirit fatigues my Breaſt,
And ſwells, and ſpreads abroad,
And pants for everlaſting Reſt,
And ſtruggles into God.

4 I feel, and know Him now in Part;
His Love my Heart conſtrains,
Its near Approach expands my Heart,
And fills with pleaſing Pains.
He viſits now the Houſe of Clay,
He ſhakes his future Home:
O wouldſt Thou, Lord, on this glad Day,
Into thy Temple come.

5 With me, I know, I feel Thou art,
But this cannot ſuffice,
Unleſs Thou planteſt in my Heart
A conſtant Paradiſe.
My Earth Thou watereſt from on high,
But make it all a Pool:
Spring up, O Well, I ever cry,
Spring up within my Soul.

6 Come, O my God, Thyſelf reveal,
Fill all this mighty Void,
Thou only canſt my Spirit fill:
Come, O my God, my God!

Fulfil, fulfil my large Desires,
Large as Infinity!
Give, give me all my Soul requires,
All, all that is in Thee.

HYMN LXXVII.

A Prayer for Persons joined in Fellowship.

1 TRY us, O God, and search the Ground,
Of every sinful Heart,
Whate'er of Sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart.

2 When to the Right or Left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless,
But guide our Feet into the Way
Of everlasting Peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's Cross to bear;
Let each his friendly Aid afford,
And feel his Brother's Care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little Stock improve,
Increase our Faith, confirm our Hope,
And perfect us in Love.

5 Up into Thee, our living Head,
Let us in all Things grow,
'Till Thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

6 Then when the mighty Work is wrought,
Receive thy ready Bride,
Give us in Heaven a happy Lot
With all the Sanctified.

HYMN LXXVIII.

The Same.

1 JESU, united by thy Grace,
And each to each endear'd,
With Confidence we ſeek thy Face,
And know our Prayer is heard.

2 Still let us own our common LORD,
And bear thine eaſy Yoke,
A Band of Love, a threefold Cord
Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one Spirit drink,
Baptize into thy Name,
And let us always kindly think,
And ſweetly ſpeak the ſame.

4 Touch'd by the Loadſtone of thy Love
Let all our Hearts agree,
And ever tow'rd each other move,
And ever move tow'rd Thee.

5 To Thee inſeparably join'd,
Let all our Spirits cleave,
O may we all the loving Mind
Which was in Thee receive.

6 This is the Bond of Perfectneſs,
Thy ſpotleſs Charity:
O let us, ſtill we pray, poſſeſs
The Mind that was in Thee.

7 Grant this, and then from all below
Inſenſibly remove;
Our Souls their Change ſhall ſcarcely know,
Made perfect firſt in Love.

8 With Eaſe our Souls thro' Death ſhall glide
Into their Paradiſe,
And thence on Wings of Angels ride
Triumphant thro' the Skies.

9 Yet when the fulleſt Joy is given,
The ſame Delight we prove,
In Earth, in Paradiſe, in Heaven,
Our all in all is Love.

HYMN LXXIX.

Entering into the Congregation.

1 FOUNTAIN of Life to all below,
Let thy Salvation roll,
Water, repleniſh, and o'erflow
Every believing Soul.

2 Into that happy Number, LORD,
Us weary Sinners take;
JESU, fulfil thy gracious Word,
For thy own Mercy's Sake.

3 Turn back our Nature's rapid Tide,
And we ſhall flow to Thee,
While down the Stream of Time we glide
To our Eternity.

4 The Well of Life to us Thou art,
Of Joy the ſwelling Flood:
Wafted by Thee with willing Heart
We ſwift return to GOD.

5 We ſoon ſhall reach the boundleſs Sea,
Into thy Fulneſs fall,
Be loſt, and ſwallow'd up in Thee,
Our GOD, our all in all.

HYMN LXXX.

Waiting for the Promiſe.

1 FATHER of our dying Lord,
Remember us for Good,
O fulfil his faithful Word,
And hear his ſpeaking Blood:
Give us that for which He prays:
Father, glorify thy Son,
Shew his Truth, and Power, and Grace,
And ſend THE PROMISE down!

2 True and faithful Witneſs Thou,
O CHRIST, thy Spirit give:
Haſt Thou not receiv'd Him now,
That we might now receive?
Art Thou not our living Head?
Life to all thy Limbs impart,
Shed thy Love, thy Spirit ſhed
In every waiting Heart.

3 Holy Ghoſt, the Comforter,
The Gift of JESUS, come!
Glows our Heart to find Thee near,
And ſwells to make Thee Room:
Preſent *with* us Thee we feel:
Come, O come, and *in* us be,
With us, in us, live, and dwell
To all Eternity.

HYMN LXXXI.

Little Children, love one another.

1 GIVER of Concord, Prince of Peace,
Meek, Lamb like Son of GOD,
Bid our unruly Paſſions ceaſe,
Extinguiſh'd with thy Blood.

2 Rebuke the Seas, the Tempeſt chide,
Our ſtubborn Will controul,
Beat down our Wrath, root out our Pride,
And calm our troubled Soul.

3 Subdue in us the carnal Mind,
Its Enmity deſtroy,
With Cords of Love th' old *Adam* bind,
And melt him into Joy.

4 Us into cloſeſt Union draw,
And in our inward Parts
Let Kindneſs ſweetly write her Law,
Let Love command our Hearts.

5 O let thy Love our Hearts conſtrain!
Jesus the crucified,
What haſt Thou done our Hearts to gain?
Languiſh'd, and groan'd, and died.

6 Who would not now purſue the Way
Where Jesu's Footſteps ſhine?
Who would not own the pleaſing Sway
Of Charity divine?

7 Saviour, look down with pitying Eyes,
Our jarring Wills controul,
Let cordial kind Affections riſe,
And harmonize the Soul.

8 Thee let us feel benignly near
In all thy ſoft'ning Powers,
The ſounding of thy Bowels hear,
And anſwer Thee with ours.

9 O let us find the antient Way
Our wondering Foes to move,
And force the heathen World to ſay,
"See how theſe Chriſtians love!"

HYMN LXXXII.

At the Parting of Chriſtian Friends.

1 BLEST be the dear uniting Love,
Which would not let us part:
Our Bodies may far off remove,
We ſtill are join'd in Heart.

2 Join'd in one Spirit to our Head,
Where He appoints we go,
And ſtill in JESU's Footſteps tread,
And do his Work below.

3 O let us ever walk in Him,
And Nothing know beſide,
Nothing deſire, Nothing eſteem,
But JESUS crucified.

4 Cloſer and cloſer let us cleave
To his belov'd Embrace,
Expect his Fulneſs to receive,
And Grace to anſwer Grace.

5 While thus we walk with CHRIST in Light,
What ſhall our Souls disjoin?
Souls which Himſelf vouchſafes t' unite
In Fellowſhip divine?

6 We all are one who Him receive,
And each with each agree,
In Him, the One, the Truth we live,
Bleſt Point of Unity.

7 Partakers of the Saviour's Grace,
The ſame in Mind and Heart,
Nor Joy, nor Grief, nor Time, nor Place,
Nor Life, nor Death can part!

8 But let us haſten to the Day,
Which ſhall our Fleſh reſtore,
When Death ſhall all be done away,
And Bodies part no more.

HYMN LXXXIII.

The Love-Feaſt.

1 COME, and let us ſweetly join,
CHRIST to praiſe in Hymns divine,
Give we all with one Accord
Glory to our common LORD;
Hands, and Hearts, and Voices raiſe,
Sing as in the antient Days,
Antedate the Joys above,
Celebrate the Feaſt of Love.

2 Strive we in Affection ſtrive,
Let the purer Flame revieve,
Such as in the Martyrs glow'd,
Dying Champions for their GOD.
We like them may live and love,
Call'd we are their Joys to prove,
Sav'd with them from future Wrath,
Partners of like precious Faith.

3 Sing we then in JESU's Name,
Now, as Yeſterday, the ſame,
One in every Age and Place,
Full for all of Truth and Grace.
We for CHRIST our Maſter ſtand,
Lights in a benighted Land,
We our dying LORD confeſs,
We are JESU's Witneſſes.

4 Witneſſes that CHRIST hath died,
We with Him are crucified:

CHRIST hath burſt the Bands of Death,
We his quick'ning Spirit breathe,
CHRIST is now gone up on high;
(Thither all our Wiſhes fly:)
Sits at GOD's Right-hand above,
There with Him we reign in Love.

Part the Second.

5 COME, thou high and lofty LORD,
Lowly, meek incarnate Word,
Humbly ſtoop to Earth again,
Come and viſit abject Man.
JESU, dear expected Gueſt,
Thou art bidden to the Feaſt,
For Thyſelf our Hearts prepare,
Come, and ſit, and banquet there.

6 JESU, we thy Promiſe claim,
We are met in thy great Name:
In the Midſt do Thou appear,
Manifeſt thy Preſence here:
Sanctify us, LORD, and bleſs,
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy Peace,
Thou Thyſelf within us move:
Make our Feaſt a Feaſt of Love.

7 Let the Fruits of Grace abound,
Let us in thy Bowels ſound;
Faith, and Love, and Joy increaſe,
Temperance and Gentleneſs,
Plant in us thy humble Mind;
Patient, pitiful, and kind,
Meek and lowly let us be,
Full of Goodneſs, full of Thee.

8 Make us all in Thee compleat,
Make us all for Glory meet,
Meet t' appear before thy Sight,
Partners with the Saints in Light:

Call, O call us each by Name,
To the Marriage of the Lamb,
Let us lean upon thy Breaſt,
Love be there our endleſs Feaſt.

Part the Third.

9 LET us join; ('tis GOD commands,)
Let us join our Hearts and Hands,
Help to gain our Calling's Hope,
Build we each the other up.
GOD his Bleſſing ſhall diſpenſe,
GOD ſhall crown his Ordinance,
Meet in his appointed Ways,
Nouriſh us with ſocial Grace.

10 Let us then as Brethren love,
Faithfully his Gifts improve,
Carry on the earneſt Strife,
Walk in Holineſs of Life.
Still forget the Things behind,
Follow CHRIST in Heart and Mind,
Tow'rd the Mark unwearied preſs,
Seize the Crown of Righteouſneſs.

11 Plead we thus for *Faith alone*,
Faith which by our Works is ſhewn,
GOD it is who juſtifies,
Only Faith his Blood applies;
Active Faith, that lives within,
Conquers Hell, and Death, and Sin,
Sanctifies, and makes us whole,
Forms the Saviour in the Soul.

12 Let us for this Faith contend,
Sure Salvation is its End,
Heaven already is begun,
Everlaſting Life is won:
Only let us perſevere,
'Till we ſee our LORD appear,
Never from the Rock remove,
Sav'd by Faith which Works by Love.

Part the Fourth.

13 PARTNERS of a glorious Hope,
Lift your Hearts and Voices up,
Jointly let us riſe, and ſing
CHRIST our Prophet, Prieſt, and King.
Monuments of JESU's Grace,
Speak we by our Lives his Praiſe,
Walk in Him we have receiv'd,
Shew we not in vain believ'd.

14 While we walk with GOD in Light,
GOD our Hearts doth ſtill unite,
Deareſt Fellowſhip we prove,
Fellowſhip of JESU's Love;
Sweetly each with each combin'd,
In the Bonds of Duty join'd,
Feels the cleanſing Blood applied,
Daily feels that CHRIST hath died.

15 Still, O LORD, our Faith increaſe,
Cleanſe from all Unrighteouſneſs:
Thee th' Unholy cannot ſee;
Make, O make us meet for Thee;
Every vile Affection kill,
Root out every Seed of Ill,
Utterly aboliſh Sin,
Write thy Law of Love within.

16 Hence may all our Actions flow,
Love the Proof that CHRIST we know,
Mutual Love the Token be,
LORD, that we belong to Thee:
Love, thine Image Love, impart,
Stamp it on our Face and Heart;
Only Love to us be given,
LORD, we aſk no other Heaven.

HYMN LXXXIV.

The Communion of Saints.

1 FATHER, Son, and Spirit hear,
Faith's effectual fervent Prayer,
Hear, and our Petitions ſeal,
Let us now the Anſwer feel.
Myſtically one with Thee;
Tranſcript of the Trinity,
Thee let all our Nature own,
One in Three, and Three in One.

2 If we now begin to be
Partners with thy Saints, and Thee,
If we have our Sins forgiven,
Fellow-citizens of Heaven;
Still the Fellowſhip increaſe,
Knit us in the Bond of Peace,
Join our new-born Spirits, join
Each to each, and all to Thine.

3 Build us in one Body up,
Call'd in one high Calling's Hope;
One the Spirit whom we claim,
One the pure baptiſmal Flame,
One the Faith and common LORD,
One the Father lives, ador'd
Over, thro', and in us all,
GOD incomprehenſible.

4 One with GOD, the Source of Bliſs,
Ground of our Communion this,
Life of all that live below,
Let thine Emanations flow,
Riſe eternal in our Heart:
Thou our long-ſought *Eden* art!
Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
Be to us what *Adam* loſt.

Part the Second.

5 OTHER Ground can no Man lay,
JESUS takes our Sins away!
JESUS the Foundation is,
This ſhall ſtand, and only this:
Fitly fram'd in Him we are,
All the Building riſes fair,
Let it to a Temple riſe,
Worthy Him who fills the Skies.

6 Huſband of thy Church below,
CHRIST, if Thee our LORD we know,
Unto Thee betroth'd in Love,
Always let us faithful prove,
Never rob Thee of our Heart,
Never give the Creature Part,
Only Thou poſſeſs the Whole,
Take our Body, Spirit, Soul.

7 Stedfaſt let us cleave to Thee,
Love the myſtic Union be,
Union to the World unknown!
Join'd to GOD in Spirit one,
Wait we, 'till the Spouſe ſhall come,
'Till the Lamb ſhall take us Home,
For his Heav'n the Bride prepare,
Solemnize our Nuptials there.

Part the Third.

JOHN xvii. 20, *&c.*

8 CHRIST our Head, gone up on high,
Be Thou in thy Spirit nigh,
Advocate with GOD, give Ear
To thine own effectual Prayer:

Hear the Sounds Thou once didſt breathe,
In the Days of thy Fleſh beneath,
Now, O JESU, let them be
Strongly eccho'd back to Thee.

9 We, O CHRIST have Thee receiv'd,
Have the Goſpel-word believ'd,
Juſtly then we claim a Share
In thine everlaſting Prayer.
One the Father is with Thee,
Knit us in like Unity;
Make us, O uniting Son,
One, as Thou and He are One.

10 Thee He lov'd e'er Time begun,
Thee, the co-eternal Son;
He hath to thy Merit given
Us th' adopted Heirs of Heaven.
Thou haſt will'd that we ſhould riſe,
See thy Glory in the Skies,
See Thee by all Heaven ador'd
Be for ever with our LORD.

11 Thou the Father ſeeſt alone,
Thou to us haſt made Him known:
Sent from Him we know Thou art,
We have found Thee in our Heart:
Thou the Father haſt declar'd;
He is here our great Reward,
Ours his Nature and his Name;
Thou art ours, with Him the ſame.

12 Still, O LORD, (for Thine we are)
Still to us his Name declare:
Thy revealing Spirit give,
Whom the World cannot receive:
Fill us with the Father's Love,
Never from our Souls remove,
Dwell in us, and we ſhall be
Thine to all Eternity.

Part the Fourth.

13 CHRIST, from whom all Bleſſings flow,
Perfecting the Saints below,
Hear us who thy Nature ſhare,
Who thy myſtic Body are:
Join us, in one Spirit join,
Let us ſtill receive of Thine,
Still for more on Thee we call,
Thee, who filleſt all in all.

14 Cloſer knit to Thee our Head,
Nouriſh us, O CHRIST, and feed;
Let us daily Growth receive,
More and more in JESUS live:
JESUS, we thy Members are,
Cheriſh us with kindeſt Care;
Of thy Fleſh, and of thy Bone;
Love for ever, love thine own.

15 Move, and actuate, and guide,
Diverſe Gifts to each divide;
Plac'd according to thy Will,
Let us all our Work fulfil;
Never from our Office move,
Needful to the others prove,
Uſe the Grace on each beſtow'd,
Temper'd by the Art of GOD.

16 Sweetly now we all agree,
Touch'd with ſofteſt Sympathy,
Kindly for each other care:
Ev'ry Member feels its Share:
Wounded by the Grief of one,
All the ſuff'ring Members groan;
Honour'd if one Member is,
All partake the common Bliſs.

17 Many are we now and one,
We who JESUS have put on;

There is neither Bond nor Free,
Male nor Female, LORD, in Thee,
Love, like Death, hath all deſtroy'd,
Render'd all Diſtinctions void:
Names, and Sects, and Parties fall:
Thou, O CHRIST, art all in all.

Part the Fifth.

18 COME, ye kindred Souls above,
Man provokes you unto Love;
Saints and Angels hear the Call,
Praiſe the common LORD of all:
Him let Earth and Heaven proclaim,
Earth and Heaven record his Name;
Let us both in this agree,
Both his one great Family.

19 Hoſts of Heaven, begin the Song,
Praiſe Him with a tuneful Tongue:
(Sounds like your's we cannot riſe,
We can only liſp his Praiſe)
Us repenting Sinners ſee,
JESUS died to ſet us free;
Sing ye over us forgiven,
Shout for Joy, ye Hoſts of Heaven.

20 Be it unto Angels known,
By the Church what GOD hath done:
Depths of Love and Wiſdom ſee
In a dying Deity!
Gaze, ye firſt-born Seraphs, gaze,
Never can ye ſound his Grace:
Loſt in Wonder, look no more;
Fall, and ſilently adore.

21 Miniſterial Spirits, know,
Execute your Charge below:
You our Father hath prepar'd,
Fenc'd us with a flaming Guard;

Bid you all our Ways attend,
Safe convoy us to the End;
On your Wings our Souls remove,
Waft us to the Realms above.

Part the Sixth.

22 HAPPY Souls, whoſe Courſe is run,
Who the Fight of Faith have won,
Parted by an early Death,
Think you of your Friends beneath?
Have you your own Fleſh forgot,
By a common Ranſom bought?
Can Death's interpoſing Tide,
Spirits one in CHRIST divide?

23 No; for us you ever wait,
'Till we make your Bliſs compleat,
'Till your Fellow-ſervants come,
'Till your Brethren haſten Home:
You in Paradiſe remain,
For your Teſtimony ſlain;
Nobly who for JESUS ſtood,
Bold to ſeal the Truth with Blood.

24 Ever now your Speaking cries,
From beneath the Altar riſe,
Loudly calls for Vengeance due:
"Come, Thou Holy GOD, and true!
"LORD, how long doſt Thou delay?
"Come to Judgement, come away!
"Haſten, LORD, the general Doom,
"Come away, to Judgement come!"

25 Wait, ye righteous Spirits wait,
Soon arrives your glorious State;
Rob'd in white, a Seaſon reſt,
Bleſt, if not ſupremely bleſt.
When the Number is fulfill'd,
When the Witneſſes are kill'd,

When we all from Earth are driven,
Then with us ye mount to Heaven.

26 JESU, hear, and bow the Skies,
Hark, we all unite our Cries!
Take us to thy heavenly Home,
Quickly let thy Kingdom come!
JESU, come the Spirit cries!
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One triumphant Church above
Join us all in perfect Love.

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